

The Bismarck Tribune.

VOL. VIII.

BISMARCK D. T., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1880.

NO 20.

NEWS-NOTES.

—The election ball will open next Tuesday.

—Fort Bufordites go out one day and back the next and kill buffalo.

—Stutsman county will have its first term of court on the 19th of Oct.

—The public debt was reduced \$8,974, 831 during the month of September.

—Thirty miles of the Casselton Branch of the Northern Pacific is now open to traffic.

—Tilden will preside at the Hancock mass meeting at Columbus, O., to-morrow.

—The agency Indians at Poplar Creek and Wolf Point are quiet, the hostilities having left.

—After Oct. 1st no card excepting those furnished by the government can be transmitted through the mails except at letter rates.

—Judge Hilton, of the firm of A. T. Stewart & Co., is the democratic candidate for congress from the Saratoga, N. Y., district.

—The North Pacific, as located, avoids both Bozeman and Helena, and shortens the distance 160 miles over the old location. Contracts have been let for grading west of Miles City.

—Pembina's First Annual Fair takes place on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week. It promises to be a grand success. Gov. Ordway, and other prominent men having consented to attend.

—Hon. Martin Maginnis has been re-nominated for congress by the Montana democrats, and if elected will serve his fifth successive term. The Hon. M. M. is a stronghold in himself.

—Hon. J. W. Dwight, president of the Bonanza farming company of Richland county, was re-nominated for congress from his district, the 26th New York, on the two hundred and sixteenth ballot.

—Minneapolis accuses St. Paul of "padding its census returns with thirteen hundred and fifty-seven servant girls and one hundred and thirty-five dogs." The girls can stand it easily, but it seems rather rough on the dogs.

—At a recent marriage at Hudson, N. Y., the bride was a young damsel who had been a great flirt. When the clergyman asked the usual question, "Who gives this woman away?" a young fellow present exclaimed: "I can, but I won't."

—The syndicate for the construction of the Panama ship canal has been formed and is a private undertaking by American and French capitalists headed by Seligman & Co., Drexel, Morgan & Co., Winslow, Lanier & Co., and several other firms. The capital is \$120,000,000.

—A rumor was telegraphed from Sioux City this week that Alex. Mitchell, of Milwaukee, had himself and three of his men elected to the directorship of the Northern Pacific road and that the road is now backed and controlled by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul road. This story is revived annually.

—The Northern Pacific has recently built and finished off depot buildings at Aitkin, Gull River, Sylvan Lake, Wadena, Perham, Moorhead and Jamestown. A new first-class water tank is about finished at Wheatland. A new turn table is being put in at Valley City, and a two stall engine house at Jamestown, besides water-tanks at Redwood and Crystal Springs.

—Hugh McCullough, ex-secretary of treasury, presided at the great republican meeting at Cooper Union hall last week, and after stating that Hayes was not his choice four years ago, and that he would not have been among the speakers had Tilden been elected, he declared that in his belief, President Hayes' administration "rivaled the best, not excepting the first," a declaration which was received with prolonged cheers.

—A mass meeting of the democratic-conservative party in New Orleans, adopted a resolution declaring that "We believe in an indestructible union of indestructible states; we are equally and unalterably opposed to centralized despotism and to secession. The letter of Gen. Hancock relative to southern claims, receives our hearty approval." Whether this resolution will meet the approval of the majority of the "solid South," who are non-secessionist fire proof, cool klux, anti-bellum, Lee and Jacksonites, is secessionally doubtful.

—A profound sensation has been again created in Russia by the second announcement of the Odesa newspaper, the *Vestnik*, that one of the local importing firms of merchants has purchased in addition to previous purchases one hundred thousand bushels of American wheat through a western firm. The rate of purchase is one bushel for five rubles or three shillings, (say seventy cents), the pound (a bushel is thirty-six pounds) delivered in this country October at Odesa. This is like unto carrying coal to New Castle, since Odesa is the grain port of Russia, but poverty is a great leveler even of the "Imperial Great White Father of the Russians."

—The following notice was found posted on a tree near Round Oaks church, in Caroline county, Va., and was intended to tempt a former named Smith and other northern settlers in that vicinity, who owned their property and were in the habit of driving over the road referred to through the woods as a short cut to the highway leading from Round Oaks to Fredericksburg: "I hereby forbid the traveling public that this road is private property, and warn all scoundrels, hybrids, and especially all blue-nosed and red-necked rascals, against passing through here under penalty of being shot if they are caught. A. M. Boulware."

—A scene between English and Senator Barnard, chairman of the democratic national committee, if correctly described, is destined to become historical. The story runs that the two gentlemen were alone, and that Senator Barnard, ruffled by the apathy with which the representations of the state of the committee's exchequer were received by the vice-presidential candidate, finally exclaimed: "Well, Mr. English, I offer you an opportunity. Write your check for \$25,000 and lay it upon this table and I will cover it with mine for \$100,000." Mr. English did not acquiesce. The truth is that Mr. English is a disappointment, yet his unpopularity does not count. The democracy of Indiana have hustled into the present campaign ignoring him, but determined to elect their state ticket as a preliminary to the election of Hancock as president of the United States.—*N. Y. Herald.*

EASTERN POLITICAL POT.

INDIANA ADMITS DOUBTFUL BY THE DEMOCRATS.

Ohio Safe for the Republicans—The Tide Turning all Over the Country—Mammoth Meeting in Cleveland—Shout.

(Special Dispatch to The Tribune.)

THE POLITICAL POT.

CHICAGO, Sept. 8.—All political interest is now centered on Ohio and Indiana, and all sorts of guesses, calculations and claims are made. While the Republicans are confident of carrying Ohio by a good majority, yet there are some who express a belief that the majority will be small, on the other hand the Democrats are said to be blue over the prospects in Indiana, although they claim the state by a small majority. Grant's interview with Rev. Fowler creates a profound sensation in New York and Republicans think its effect better than a hundred campaign speeches. It is said that Gen. Hancock will make no reply to the statements of Gen. Grant, at present, being advised thereto by Belmont and other prominent Democrats. It is thought by them that the language attributed by Fowler to the Ex-President was exaggerated. The *Inter-Ocean* has an

INTERVIEW WITH GRANT,

in which he says the previous report, though in the main correct, contains many mistakes and some language he did not use. The interview, he said, with Fowler, was had without his suspecting for a moment that what he said would be published. Afterward Fowler asked permission to publish it, to which Grant dissented, saying he wished some facts verified by reference to the war department file before doing so. Grant reaffirms the most damaging points of the previous statement.

THE EDITORIAL EXCURSIONISTS.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Oct. 7th.—The Minneapolis people treated handsomely the Northwestern editorial excursionists. They banqueted them at the Nicollet House, gave them an excursion to Lakes Calhoun and Harriet, and an elegant lunch at one of the first class restaurants, before starting on their journey to St. Louis. Speeches or responses to toasts were made by Col. Donan, of the *Evening Journal*, Col. John H. Stevens, of the *Farmer's Union*, Governor Pillsbury, B. B. Herbert of the *Redwing Advance*, C. H. DuBoise, of the *Spectator*, C. A. Lounsbury, of the *Bismarck Tribune*, Hon. Thomas Fitch, of the Hennepin county bar, and by Mr. Sanborn, of the *Madeline Times*. The party, consisting of about twenty-five, many of them accompanied by their wives, sisters or daughters, left at 4 p. m. on Wednesday for St. Louis, where they will take in the great exposition. All were surprised at the rapid strides being made by Minneapolis. The improvement during the past year, even, is simply wonderful. The Nicollet House, where the banquet was given, is becoming one of the most popular, as it is one of the best hotels in the Northwest. One feels at home there under Col. West's management, and the editors were all immensely pleased with the courtesies extended them by Minneapolis.

BULLDOZING.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 8.—A true bill of indictment was found by the U. S. Court at Richmond, Virginia, against Wm. H. Pond (white) for corruptly endeavoring to intimidate Jno. B. Davis, (colored) in discharge of duty as a witness. Davis gave information leading to the arrest of Pond on the charge of selling whisky without a license, and Pond procured Davis' arrest on false charges and he instituted serious persecutions against Davis, shooting at him, etc. The jury was composed of sixteen Democrats.

VICTORIA'S FLIGHT.

GALVESTON, Oct. 8th.—Gen. Buell, of the 15th infantry, with his command, has caught up with Victoria's band near Quilman, and a fight is expected to-day.

CAROLINA CENTENNIAL.

RALEIGH, Oct. 8th.—The 160th anniversary of the battle of King Mountain, N. C., was celebrated yesterday. Twelve thousand people were present, and addresses made by J. W. Daniels. Reading by Paul H. Hayne.

SHIPBUILDERS CONVENT.

BOSTON, Oct. 8th.—The American ship owners and builders convention is in session in this city. Papers have been read by Jno. Roach and W. H. Linder in behalf of American shippers.

GEORGIA GAINS.

SAVANNAH, Oct. 8.—Governor Calhoun's democratic majority in this state is over 50,000.

DEMOCRATIC DISPLAY.

CLEVELAND, Oct. 1.—The grandest democratic demonstration ever held in Cleveland took place last night. Monumental Park was gorgeously illuminated and three stands erected but the crowd was so great that an overflow meeting was organized. The principal speakers were Gen. Pearson, Col. Pulitzer, Hon. J. D. Trench, and others. Col. Pulitzer made a reply to Secretary Schurz' speech.

OFFENBACH'S LAST ACT.

PARTS, Oct. 8.—The funeral of Offenbach, the eminent musical composer and maestro, was held at Madeleine, to-day, and attended by an immense throng, including nobility and leading composers. Offenbach was the acknowledged king of opera bouffe.

LAND HUNTERS.

JAMESTOWN, Oct. 8.—Bishop Marty, Anthony Kelly and Mr. Kelly, of Prairie du Chien, a committee appointed by Bishop Ireland to select land in the Missouri river region for a colony, will arrive at Bismarck to-night and visit the extension to-morrow.

WHITE RIVER WAIFS.

Building of Winter Quarters—Removal of Four Companies.

(Special Correspondence of The Tribune.)

CAMP ON WHITE RIVER, Col. Sept. 26.

—The camp at present presents a scene of amazing activity, owing to the fact that last night the order for the removal of four companies from this vicinity, arrived. The general supposition was that some of the troops would be taken from White River, and various had been the conjectures in regard to what companies would be so fortunate. As the companies remaining at this point will now know something definite with regard to erecting winter quarters they will no doubt improve the time to good advantage. The companies designated to take up the line of march to-day, are companies F, G, H and D, the former two to proceed to Fort Lyons, Col., and the latter two to Fort Garland, Col. The companies going to Fort Garland will be commanded by Capt. J. P. Schindell, Col. Huston accompanying the battalion assigned to Fort Lyons. The troops whose sad lot doomed them to remain at White River are companies K, C, E, A and B, company I being still stationed at Snake River, W. T. The boys at this point will be for the present under the regime of Maj. O. H. Moore, who by his good sense and sociable style, always secures the good will and respect of the soldier.

The men had made fair progress in the erection of Adobe quarters before the order arrived. The work making adobe had been suspended as the size of the different buildings had been reduced. Consequently a few thousand less doxies required. Several parties were engaged at the beginning. One party (and by far the largest) making adobe, another quarrying and hauling stone for foundations, another cutting logs in the woods, and yet another building the quarters. But after about two months' work they found that the building of the quarters by men who were on ex duty was slow work.

We, of course, do not accuse any of those mechanics of mercenary motives in this matter, as they were by far too honorable to entertain any such ideas. At the suggestion of somebody whom we know not—Suffice it that "his head must have been level"—a different "modus operandi" was adopted Sept. 27th. An order was issued to the effect that the different companies, under the immediate supervision of their respective company commanders, would proceed to erect each their own quarters. Consequently with the entertaining and instructive stories of some of the boys who passed last winter here, still fresh in their memories, the men set to work with a will and in less than three weeks the company barracks for nine companies was almost completed. Now that those four companies have gone, the quarters will be divided among the remaining troops and those buildings occupied by the men will be utilized for company kitchens, etc. The band will also have to be provided for.

The regimental band, although quite diminished in numbers, remains at this point. The band master, Mr. Styler, seems to be very assiduous in his endeavors to make it as proficient as possible, but owing to the fact that we are always stationed "beyond the confines of civilization" these men after serving an enlistment invariably leave the band in order to enlist somewhere east where they can have opportunities of "seeing life" under more favorable auspices. The "band concerts" are appreciated by many. Great credit is due the clerks at headquarters, Kerkam and Felan, for the elegant and artistic style in which they get up the "programmes." They are the subject of much comment from all who are so fortunate as to receive them.

The famous scout of the north, viz: "Yellowstone Kelly," is at present at White River. He came over from McKenzies camp and will probably be employed by the government here. Kelly is a fine specimen of frontier scout, tall and supple, complexion dark, with an eye that looks as if it meant "biz." He is also a gentleman of intelligence and good manners, who talks common sense to the exclusion of all those trumped up stories of self adulation, which is such a common characteristic of the *mountain* hand-people of the west, that it is not deserving of further attention.

The trader, Adams, is having built quite a respectable looking dwelling for his family which arrived a few days ago. The wood and coal contracts are being filled as fast as circumstances will permit. The lumber, sash, glass, shingles, etc., to be used in finishing the quarters are expected to arrive soon.

"EGALITE."

The Stage Company.

The stage company will begin running stages on the Fort Pierre route to Deadwood Oct. 15th. They have fifteen stations between East Pierre and the Hills, have stacked 1500 tons of hay, and expect to make a thirty-six hour schedule. The distance to Deadwood from the river is 253 miles. A rumor is afloat that the Sidney company will also place a daily line of stages on this route. No preparations thus far have been made to confirm the rumor. Stages will continue from Bismarck as usual. Mr. C. W. Richardson, the agent in this city, left for Fort Pierre, Monday night.

Results of the Buffalo Hunt.

The party who left Fort Yates a short time since, on a buffalo hunt, when last heard from, had killed 215 head. Enough buffalo meat to last the agency Indians all winter will be the result of this hunt, and many a silver dollar will be obtained from the sale of robes.

In the Bad Lands.

Track-laying is now going on at the rate of two miles per day in the Bad Lands. The track is only two miles from the Little Missouri, and the grading is nearly all completed to the Yellowstone. Montana will be reached by the 20th and Glendive by December 1st.

DEMOCRATIC DISPLAY.

They Rally Around a Bonfire and Listen to a Rousing Cannon.

There are those in the city who, perhaps, think the display of Tuesday night was in honor of the arrival of Mr. P. R. Smith and bride from Europe. In a measure this is true, but the continued pow-wow of the night was in recognition of Mr. James F. Watson, of the Black Hills, who addressed the crowd from the balcony of the Merchants Hotel, made celestial-like by the profusion of Chinese lanterns. Mr. Watson is one of the leading lawyers of Deadwood and held twenty-two proxies at the recent democratic territorial convention, which he cast with Northern Dakota for the choice of the Burleigh county delegates—Capt. McCormack, of Grand Forks. Mr. Watson is about as sanguine a democrat as any who are now stamping the country. He urged everybody to bet their lives on Hancock's being the next president; said Indiana was solid, and knew to his own satisfaction that Capt. McCormack could be elected by the people of Dakota. He said he had delivered eleven campaign speeches in Indiana, and that he knew what he was talking about when he made these prophesies. Mr. Watson tried to arraign the republican party, but the little word "if" was inadvertently in the way. "If" the democrats succeeded in gaining control of the government, great republican frauds would be discovered. McCormack's delay in getting around among the boys. Mr. Watson said, was owing to the protracted illness and sudden death of his wife on Monday last. He denied the reports that he was keeping in the dark because his education had been sadly neglected, and said that he had been with him for the past few days and said that he was satisfied that he was an honest man. Back he did not like because he had offered to buy his twenty-two votes for \$1,000. He says that had Judge Bednett been nominated it would have been suicidal for any democrat to run against him, but as it was now, he thought the democrats had some show. The balance of the night was made hilarious by the uncorking of democratic spirits.

THE CONCERT.

A Brilliant Entertainment Given by Home Talent.

The concert last evening was the event of the season and without doubt the finest entertainment of the kind ever given in this city. It is to be regretted that the audience was not larger, as the encouragement of home talent should be paramount in the minds of every citizen. However, an appreciative audience of the *élite* of the city was present, and the concert throughout eminently successful. The programme as followed, with the exception of the pieces in which Mrs. W. A. Holtenbaek was billed, was carried out. Mrs. H., owing to a severe cold, was unable to appear:

PART I.

To Thee! Oh, Country, — Eichberg
QUARTETTE. — Campana
See the Pale Moon. — Mrs. Bird & Mr. Blakely.
The Wanderer. — Mrs. STEVENS. — Schubert
After the Battle (Recitation). — Anon.
Mrs. W. A. HOLTENBAEK. — Leroy
Emeralds. — Mrs. CALL. — McNaughton
Sweet Night, be Calm. — McNaughton
QUARTETTE. —
Les Douces de Seville. (Piano). — Schubert
Holy Mother Guide My Footsteps. — Wallace
Once Again. — Mr. Blakely. — Sullivan
Good Night, Good Night, Beloved. — Pinedi
ANGELS EVER BRIGHT AND FAIR. — Handel
When Wandering Over the Deep. — G. F. Root
Mrs. CALL, Mrs. BIRD & Mrs. HOLTENBAEK.

A hearty Welcome.

A welcome such as is usually accorded to Bismarck's citizens was tendered Mr. P. R. Smith upon his return from a trip abroad Tuesday night. When Mr. Smith left for Europe he made no intimation to his friends of having any matrimonial intentions, and it was not until he had reached St. Paul on his return with his bride, and telegraphed word to a friend to have his residence put in order for him, that his friends began to mistrust the state of his affairs. To get things in readiness was the work of willing hands in short order, and when the North Pacific express rolled in Tuesday evening the city band played choice selections while the cannon placed in the depot square gave a salute of welcome, the whole scene being lit up by a bonfire. Mr. Smith was escorted to his residence, the carriages being preceded by the band and a reception held until a late hour. The bride, nee Miss Maggie M. Byrne, is a handsome vivacious lady, a resident of Dublin, Ireland, where the wedding took place, and will grace the fine residence of Mr. Smith and find many warm friends in this far western country. Mr. Smith is one of the pioneers of the city, one of the first to find gold in the Black Hills and one of Burleigh's early probate judges. Mayor Peoples was the major domo of the reception committee and had matters arranged to a nicety. The *TRIBUNE* extends Judge Smith and his bride hearty congratulations.

Democratic County Convention.

Pursuant to call the democrats met in convention at City Hall for the purpose of electing delegates to the legislative convention to be held in Bismarck Oct. 11th. J. A. Emmons was chosen chairman and E. N. Corey secretary. The following delegates were nominated and elected by acclamation: M. J. Halloran, George Peoples, J. A. Emmons, P. H. Byrnes, Mandan, C. A. Galloway and Jno. Waldron. Col. Wm. Thompson was called upon and said it would be a waste of time for him to make any remarks; that all present in the convention knew their duty; that they had worked before them to accomplish in electing their candidates, and must be "wide awake and full of ideas" for the occasion. The convention adjourned sine die.

VALUE OF TREE PLANTING

IT IS THE MOST VALUABLE INVESTMENT FOR FARMERS.

How Much It Costs to Plant an Acre of Trees and the Increase in Value in Ten Years—An Important Suggestion.

Editor Tribune:

THE TREE AREA.

BISMARCK, D. T., Oct. 1st.—Since my arrival in your bustling and prosperous town, many parties holding claims under the Timber Culture Act, have expressed grave doubts whether it would ever pay to plant and cultivate as the law requires—some even expressing the opinion that they had better abandon their claims or else change them to homesteads or pre-emptions. For the general good of the country, and the particular good of such parties, allow me to commence by saying in plain language, that forest tree planting, properly conducted, is the only legitimate business that will beat money at interest. The most reliable statistics at my command place the timber area of this territory at from four to seven percent. of the entire area. These timbered tracts are chiefly, if not wholly confined to the river bottoms, cooleys, and margins of lakes. The great agricultural area; the tracts of ground where people must live, where the crops are grown and from whose settlement and cultivation depend almost wholly the prosperity of your people, your railroads, and the future of Dakota, are practically destitute of timber. Scientists inform us that a permanently productive and prosperous country should have from

TWENTY TO TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT. of its whole area covered with forest. The equalization of rainfall—the arrest of too much evaporation, the modification of the climate generally by extensive forest tree planting, all imperiously demand it. Between Bismarck and Fargo, each side of the Northern Pacific railroad, are whole counties so nearly destitute of timber that if as densely settled as many of the older counties of Minnesota, would not furnish firewood enough to last twenty-four hours, and this is a far sample of the whole territory. These treeless counties must of necessity be converted into fruitful fields and permanent homes for a million people. They must have wood and timber for fuel and shelter for all time. The demand, great to begin with, will continue to increase with the growth and prosperity of the country. In my own field of operations I am planting, cultivating and protecting tree claims till the time for securing title has come around for \$40 per acre. The average farmer can do it without the outlay of a dollar in money. But admit for the sake of argument that his time is money, and look at the results. He plants as the law requires, not less than four feet apart each way. This requires

2730 TREES PER ACRE.

If he plants only cottonwood, the cheapest to get, the most rapid grower and requiring a shorter period of cultivation than any other variety, he can within seven years from time of planting, thin out enough for fuel and fencing to more than pay the total expenses of that time. He should then have not less than twelve hundred thirty, sturdy trees from twenty to thirty feet high, and from four to eight inches in diameter. From year to year he can gradually thin out the forest, and in so doing will have an annual revenue from the sale thereof to more than pay his necessary tree bills. Say he does this for ten years, more gradually thinning out the forest till he reduces the number down to three hundred per acre, which three hundred per acre is about right for a permanent stand. Here after seven years, all expenses paid within the first seven years, an annual income sure for ten years more, we find him the owner of a handsome grove of timber, each tree good for from three fourths of a cord to a cord and a quarter. Say they average a cord per tree, and the thinning gives up 300 per acre, which at only a dollar a cord on the stump is \$300 per acre for the stumpage. You can do this. You can do it with more certainty than you can raise fifteen bushels of wheat per acre for fifteen or seventeen successive years.

THIRTY FIVE YEARS' EXPERIENCE

in forest tree planting on the north-western prairies justifies me in saying that as sure, usually grown by the farmer, is as sure to grow, and to pay well, as a crop of forest trees. I have selected the cottonwood as an example, on account of your locality, which is so abundantly supplied with young trees of this variety, add of just the proper age and size for transplanting that the poorest man, can, without money, accomplish the results above written. More valuable varieties pay far better. Away down this valley, in Montana county, Iowa, Judge C. E. Whiting has a crop of black walnuts growing, that will yield his children more than \$1,000 per acre, and that within twenty-five years. Cottonwood trees that I planted in Minnesota in 1858 stand from seventy to eighty feet high and thirty to forty inches in diameter, good for two cords per tree, and now worth on the stump \$25 per cord. Aside from the mercenary considerations each of us owes something to his country, his God and his fellow man, that more money cannot buy. If he who causes two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before is a public benefactor, how much more so he who grows a forest in a country where not a tree stood before. Go on then with your forest tree planting, with full faith in the results. They will be growing while you are sleeping, and when you finally get through work on the broad prairies and take your final trip to the happy hunting ground, you will have the consciousness that your life has not been altogether a failure. So mote it be.

Yours truly,
L. B. H.

PURELY PERSONAL.

Henry Dion was in the city over Sunday.

Capt. Jos. Leighton went east Wednesday.

Justus Bragg is east after a car load of hogs.

Wm. Harmon went to Deadwood last week.

H. P. Bogue has returned from Pierre. Ditto Wm. McCrory.

Geo. P. Flannery is at Yaukton attending the supreme court.

Rev. I. O. Sloan, of Mandan, registered at the Merchants Monday.

P. B. Winstone and family came up from Minneapolis Saturday last.

Mr. J. H. Marshall and Miss McDonaid are visiting the Bad Lands.

Jas. Miner, Jr., came in this week to give his numerous customers a talk.

Miss Hattie Lounsbury and Miss Emma Bentley are visiting at Minneapolis.

Can it be that Conductor Miller, of the extension, has gone east to get married? How?

W. B. Jordan came down on the Batchelor and left Tuesday for a two weeks' visit east.

H. Karberg, the Indian trader at Standing Rock, returned from the east this morning.

Wm. McHugh, of Deadwood, a prominent merchant there, went east Thursday morning.

J. E. Wilson, of St. Paul, of the engineer corps, at Assiniboine, came down on the Butte.

Rev. A. J. Yeater left Monday morning to attend the Episcopal church convention at Yankton.

James Fitzgerald and wife, Deadwood, were passengers by Tuesday's coach for the Hills.

E. A. Bruusman left to-day for a visit to his home in Wisconsin, and will be absent a week.

T. B. Merrill, formerly with McLean & Macnider, came in from Green River to review the metropolis.

Capt. D. W. Maratta went east with his family Tuesday morning, and will probably return this evening.

F. A. Winkelman, H. Nordale and N. Sampson, of Glenglo, were registered at the Sheridan Tuesday.

Mrs. M. L. McCormack, wife of the democratic candidate for delegate, died at Grand Forks Monday last.

W. H. Hosack and E. H. Miller, clerks Q. M. department, came down with Col. Lee from Assiniboine.

C. A. Lounsbury, of THE TRIBUNE, is attending the convention of northwestern editors at Minneapolis.

J. H. Vail, R. S. Elliott, J. D. Coppock and Sam McCullen arrived on the coach this morning from Deadwood.

Rev. J. M. Bull, pastor of the M. E. church, this city, left Monday morning to attend the Methodist conference.

Telegraphic dispatches announce the very serious illness, at Minneapolis, of the wife and child of Mr. J. S. Sutt. Winston.

L. Fortescue, of Ottawa, H. Boyd and J. Y. Sargent, of England, returned from a hunting trip to Montana by steamer Butte.

John Carlund, the democratic candidate for district attorney, is on a tour through Trail, Grand Forks and Pembina counties.

The Grand Forks Herald reports the death of Thomas Collins, brother of Andy Collins, killed on the extension last summer.

Dr. Bentley left this morning to attend the meeting of the Grand Lodge, L. O. O. F. at Sioux Falls, representing the Bismarck Lodge.

Rev. J. A. Stephan, Indian agent at Standing Rock, came up from Fort Yates Sunday and left on thirty days' leave Wednesday morning for Indiana.

Will Hawkins, of the Aurora (Ill.) News, spent Friday night in this city and left Saturday morning with J. B. of the land office, for a brief visit in the valley which is Red.

J. P. Clough, of the N. P. engineers, and wife accompanied by P. P. Clough, Miss Clough and the Misses Dwight, came from the extension Monday, the latter party going east Tuesday morning.

David Wirt, of Chicago, was in the city this week, looking the country over with a view of locating a colony of fifty families. He has been in Nebraska and Southern Dakota but prefers Burleigh county to any section he has yet visited.

Marshall McClure, who has gained some notoriety on account of his connection with the Jamestown Advertiser, rival of the *Figure* and *Lawyer* Bitt, of Jamestown, came up Saturday as a member of the republican committee, to confer with those of like stripe in this city.

A Bad Accident.

During the passage of the steamer Butte from the Coal Banks to Cow Island, Thomas Mulquin accidentally fell overboard and was drowned. He was engaged in passing wood at the time near the pantry, and stepped on a greasy spot, slipped, and before assistance could be rendered, was overboard. Mr. Mulquin was a son of Patrick Mulquin, one of the employees of the boat, who enjoys an excellent reputation, having been in the river business for fifteen years. The young man was nineteen years of age, well educated, had come up to this country expecting to engage in business with a cousin in Montana, but not liking the country concluded to return. Mr. Mulquin has the sympathy of his many friends in his sad bereavement. Every effort will be made to recover the body.

Stolen Stock Recovered.

About ten days ago over fifty head of beef cattle, belonging to Leighton & Jordan, were stolen from their range near Buford by Indians. Monday the whole outfit were found near Poplar Creek agency.

TRIBUNE AGENTS.

Mr. J. H. Bates, newspaper advertising agent at Park Row (Times building) New York, is authorized to contract for advertisements in THE TRIBUNE, at our lowest rates.

Geo. P. Howell & Co., newspaper advertising agents at 100 Spruce St., New York, are authorized to make contracts for this paper at our lowest rates. A list of this paper may be seen at the New York office.

Chas. K. Miller & Co., newspaper advertising agents, (Tribune building), Chicago, Ill., are authorized agents to contract advertising for this paper at our lowest rates.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

COUNT OFFICIALS TRIBUNE JUDICIAL DISTRICT.

JUDGE—A. H. Barnes, Fargo, D. T.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY—J. A. Stoyell, Bismarck.

CLERK—E. N. Corey, Bismarck.

DEPUTY—U. S. Marshall, Alex. McKenzie, Bismarck.

U. S. OFFICIALS.

E. B. Kirk, Capt. A. G. M. U. S. A., Depot C. M. E. S. Ordines, 1st Lieut. Officer and Charge U. S. M. I. Tel. E. M. Brown, Receiver U. S. Land Office.

Postmaster, Receiver, U. S. Land Office.

O. A. Lounsbury, Postmaster.

Chas. M. Cashman, Deputy Collector U. S. Customs.

Postmaster, Receiver, U. S. Land Office.

E. N. Corey, U. S. Commissioner.

COUNTY OFFICIALS.

COUNTY CLERK AND REGISTER OF DEEDS—John H. Richards.

CLERK—Alexander McKenzie.

JURY FOREMAN—W. H. Watson.

JUDGE OF PROBATE—Emery N. Corey.

SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS—J. Bragg.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS—Frank Donnelly, Joseph Hare, J. A. Emmerson.

COUNTY SHERIFF—O. W. Thompson.

CLERK—John Quinlan.

COUNTY ASSESSOR—P. Mallory.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE—E. H. Ware, Bismarck. Math. Edgerly, Mandan.

CITY OFFICIALS.

MAYOR—George Peoples.

CITY TREASURER—J. D. Wakeman.

CITY CLERK—John A. Stoyell.

CITY ATTORNEY—John A. Stoyell.

CITY ENGINEER—John A. Stoyell.

CHIEF OF POLICE—John A. Stoyell.

ALDERMEN—W. A. Meserve, J. G. Mallory, M. J. Comerford, Geo. Thorwald, Louis W. Hanes, J. P. Comerford.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH—Rev. J. G. Miller, B.D., Rector.

METHODIST CHURCH—J. M. Bull, Pastor.

UNITARIAN CHURCH—W. O. Stevens, Pastor.

CATHOLIC CHURCH—P. John O'Connell, O. S. B., Rector.

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NORTHERN PACIFIC—Arrives daily, Sundays excepted, at 11:30 p. m. Leaves daily, except Sunday, at 7:10 a. m. For Fort Stevens, Bismarck, and all points on the line, except Sunday, at 8:30 p. m. For Fort Stevens, Bismarck, and all points on the line, except Sunday, at 8:30 p. m. For Fort Stevens, Bismarck, and all points on the line, except Sunday, at 8:30 p. m.

BISMARCK BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN A. STOYELL—Attorney, 13 N. Fourth-st.

DAVID STEWART—Attorney, Fourth Street.

JOHN E. CARLAND—Attorney, (City Attorney), 64 Main-st.

FLANNERY & WETHERBY—Attorneys, 47 Main Street.

A. T. BIGELOW, D. D. S., Dental Rooms, 12 W. Main-st.

H. PORTER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Office 37 Main-st. next to Tribune Block.

BANK OF BISMARCK, W. B. BRILL, President, Cashier. A general banking business transacted. Interest allowed on time deposits. Collections promptly attended to.

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Sheridan House, H. H. BLY, Proprietor. The largest and best Hotel in Dakota Territory. CORNER MAIN AND FIFTH STREETS, BISMARCK, D. T.

MERCHANTS HOTEL, Cor. Main and 3d St. BISMARCK, D. T. L. N. GRIFFIN, Proprietor.

CUSTER HOTEL, THOS. MCGOWAN, Proprietor. Fifth Street near Main, Bismarck, D. T.

This house is a large three story building, entirely new, well lighted and heated, situated only a few rods from the depot. River men, railroad men, miners and army people will find first class accommodations at reasonable rates. 57

OSTLAND'S Livery & Feed STABLE, Cor. Fifth and Main Sts. Haggies and Saddle Horses for hire by the day or hour at reasonable rates. My Buggies and Harnesses are new and of the best manufacture and style, and our stock good. Parties wishing teams for any distant point can be accommodated at fair rates. My stable is large and airy, and accommodations for boarding stock the best in the country. 59-20

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Composed of the Minneapolis and St. Louis, Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern, and Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railways.

Making the shortest line and the best time between St. Louis and all points in the South, Southwest and Southeast, and Minneapolis and St. Paul, the summer resorts and lake country, the most prominent of which are Lake Michigan and White Bear Lake, of the Northwest, and the great lakes.

Also direct line between Minneapolis, St. Paul and Chicago, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and all points East.

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In St. Paul—At 11th East Third street, G. H. Hazard, agent.

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To insure quick time and have property shipped on Fast Trains, deliver freight at our Depot, 401 Broadway, New York, before 6:30 a. m. Get Bills of Lading from G. T. WITTEK, Agent, 401 Broadway, N. Y.

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The Chicago Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway is the only Northwestern Line connecting Chicago with any of the Great Eastern and Southern Railways, and in the most convenient location with reference to reaching any Depot, Hotel or place of business in that City.

Through Tickets and Through Baggage Checks to all Principal Cities.

Steel Rail Trucks, thoroughly ballasted, free from dust. Westinghouse Improved Automatic Air Brakes. Most Safety Platform and Couplings on all Passenger Cars.

The Finest Day Coaches and Palace Sleeping Cars.

This Road connects more Business Centres, Health and Pleasure Resorts, and passes through a finer country, with grander scenery, than any other Northwestern Line.

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Northern Pacific R. R. 1875 Summer Arrangement, 1875. TAKE THE Custer Route TO THE BLACK HILLS. Thro' Express Trains FROM ST. PAUL TO BISMARCK, DAILY.

Making close connections at ST. PAUL with trains from CHICAGO and all points south.

No Delay! Continuous Run! Connects at St. Paul with all trains East and South; at Minneapolis with all trains from that city; at St. Cloud with all trains for Melrose and the Bank Valley; at Brainerd with all trains making connections to and from Duluth and up and down the West and South.

Close connection with Lake Steamers at Duluth; St. Paul trains at St. Paul; and St. Paul & Pacific Railroad trains at Glyndon and Walker's, Fort Garry and the British Possessions, via steamers of Red River Transportation Co.; at Moorhead, Minn., and Fargo, D. T., with steamers for Fort Garry, Pembina, and all points on the Red River at Bismarck with steamers to all points north and south on the Missouri River, including Standing Rock, Fort Rice, Berthold, Carroll, Helena, Benton, and other points in Montana; and with N. W. Stage and Express Co.'s line to Deadwood City and all points in the Black Hills.

Dated April 7, 1875.

H. E. SARGENT, General Manager, St. Paul.

G. G. SANBORN, H. A. TOWNE, Gen'l Frt and Ticket Agt., Superintendent, St. Paul.

JOHN YEGEN, BISMARCK, D. T. CITY BAKERY. Bread, Pies, Cakes, Green Fruits, Confectionery, &c. Goods Choice and Fresh and Delivered Free to any point in the City.

JOHN MASON, WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS AND BILLIARDS. AT THE OLD STAND, MOORHEAD, MINN. Headquarters for Army and Missouri River People.

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Manufacturers of the celebrated Monitor Plow, Breakers, Cultivators, Sulky Hay Rakes, Hand Corn Planters, Road Scrapers, &c. The FINEST AND SLEEKEST PLOW. This Sulky Plow contains some new features and improvements which none others have. The lightest iron frame and only adjustable steel beam.

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THE MONITOR PLOW Patent Adjustable Steel Beam—Patent Solid Double Shin—Solid Steel.

Monitor Sulky Rake, Light, Strong, Durable—Tooth Adjustable—Easy to Operate—Rakes Clean. Send for Descriptive List.

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None but the best of workmen employed, and we challenge competition.

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Contracting and Building of every nature. Special attention given to Fine Job Work.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED BITTERS. The accumulated evidence of nearly thirty years, show that the Bitters is a certain remedy for malarial disease, as well as its surest preventive; that it eradicates dyspepsia, constipation, liver complaint, and nervousness, counteracts a tendency to gout, rheumatism, urinary and uterine disorders, that it imparts vigor to the feeble, and cheers the mind while it invigorates the body. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

20 Name Cards (perfect beauties) with a chance, 10c. Outfit, 10c. TURNER CARD CO. Ashland, Mass.

IN A COTTAGE GARDEN.

[Atheneum]

Belov'd but apple thought, how clear The violet western hills appear, As calmly ends another day Of earth's long history—from the ray She with slow, majestic motion Wheeling continent and ocean Into her own deep shade, where through The outer heavens come into view, Deep beyond deep. In thought conceive: This rolling Globe whereon we live (Far in the mind, and there alone, A picture of the world is shown) How huge it is, how full of things, In one of many subtle rings— Carrying our cottage with the rest, Its rose-lawn and its Martin's nest, But number every grain of sand, Number the single drops the sea; Number the leaves on every tree; Number the living creatures all That run, that fly, that swim, that crawl; Of sands, drops, leaves and lives, the count Add up into one vast amount; And then, for every separate one Of all these, let a flaming Sun Whirl in the skies, encircled each With its own massy worlds. No reach Of thought suffices.

The stars are gathering. Cool aloft, The twilight in our garden-croft. Purples the crimson-folded rose (O tell me how so sweet it grows) Makes gleam like stars the clustered white; And beauty, too, is infinite.

UNCLE JEREMY'S DEVOTIONS.

Uncle Jeremy was a devout man. He was at home in secret and in public prayer and praise, and in family worship he was, I believe, considered, an example, at least by the brothers and sisters of Jonesbury church, of which he was deacon; for I often heard from this one or that one of the elect who accepted his hospitality, which was as free as his own great heart, what a gift he has at prayer! or, "Did you ever hear him like? It fairly lifts one to the third heaven."

Uncle Jeremy was my uncle's brother, and each summer we all went from the city out to his home among the hills to spend the vacation months. By all I mean my mother, my brother Joe and myself—that was all of our family since dear father died.

I remember what good times we had, how Uncle Jeremy was almost a child with us—Joe and I; he even rolled with us upon the hay and then kept us busy picking the hay from his hair. I believe now it was a ruse of his to get our young fingers into his old locks, for they were old to us even then, when a white hair was to us a sign of age. And I remember, too, that the "prayers" were a source of dread to Joe and me, they seemed so long, and a repetition day after day of the same things. And he always ended with this petition: "Grant that at the last thy servants may all be gathered from the east, from the west, from the north and from the south, and have the blessed privilege of sitting down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in Thy kingdom above!"

I did not think then that it would be a privilege to sit next to those old patriarchs, they seemed so far removed in their lives—from what I read of them—from all freshness and beauty, and even from love; and I had a vague idea that they wouldn't lose that kind of character, the character I had made for them, when they got to heaven; and I imagined them spoiling the pleasure of our little party in heaven. And much more than this I thought, or rather my brother and I did; we really had no separate thoughts, or at least none that were not shared.

If on any beautiful morning Uncle Jeremy noticed our longing looks out toward the free air and the sunshine, he made no sign of such knowledge, and he never shortened or passed lightly over any part of the morning service, neither did he allow any pleasure or business contingencies to interfere with this early morning duty.

One summer, as the school year drew to a close, and vacation came on apace, we began to make our plans, and to bring forth our slumbering anticipations for our coming visit to the country. At last the school closed, and how glad we felt that the time for our visit was now close at hand; but the very next day my brother complained of a headache, and he seemed so spiritless and miserable that I began to lose my interest in things about me, and to feel that life would be nothing without my dear brother Joe.

He grew rapidly worse, and in a few days was wrestling with a fever for his life. What dreadful days those were when I was banished from the room where he lay moaning and tossing in his fever. I kept my watch outside day by day, and at last the welcome news came to me: "The fever has turned; your brother is better!" Then at last the hours of extreme weakness were past, and they allowed me to go close to the bedside and speak to my brother, and to kiss him. I felt that I had never known before what it was to be happy, those were such blissful moments, when he began to get stronger, and was able to talk with me about my visit. One day when we were thus talking, he said:

"Last night I lay awake thinking of the good times we had at uncle's. And I wondered if I should ever have them again; sometimes I really think I shan't. I don't feel a bit as I used to; and I've waited so long for the old life I used to feel to come back, but it don't come. Well, when I was thinking the other night, I remembered how we used to get tired hearing uncle pray, and so sick of that about sitting down with the old people, the old patriarchs, I mean; and I wondered if he really thought he'd like it; then I went to sleep, and dreamed that I left you all and went to heaven."

"Left us all!" I cried in agony. "Oh, Joe!"

But he said soothingly, "You won't feel badly when I tell you how it was," and he went on:

"Heaven seemed so different from what I thought. They weren't sitting round in rows at all, and they had the most beautiful flowers and trees! Why, uncle Jeremy's place is just nothing by the side of heaven! And who do you think I dreamed came to meet me? Why, a man that had such a wonderful face, and smiled on me in such a splendid way. I never saw anything like it before. And would you believe it, he said his name was Abraham. I was so astonished, and asked:

"'You don't mean one of the patriarchs?'"

"'And why not?'" he asked.

"'I guess I turned very red, and I don't know how I answered. Then he led me

away and introduced me to Isaac and Jacob, and they were splendid, too, and they all said:

"'We are so glad to see you, and are your friends coming by-and-by?'"

"'I said I knew mother would because she talked about it all the time, and I knew uncle Jeremy would because he prayed to sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, prayed every morning that he might.'

"'And that is why you wanted to sit down with us?'"

"'Then I just had to tell that I had never thought it would be a bit nice, until I was taken sick, and mother talked with me about it, and said I might be called away from my life on the earth, and that I ought to make friends with Christ, so that He might, if I died, take me to heaven, and that I didn't want to be lost; but I had never thought it would be nice to go to any place where I should just have to sit down all the while.'" Then they said:

"'Why, you see we don't do that.'

"'Just then I heard the most beautiful music, and it sounded something like Jubilee music, but oh, so much better! And they didn't sing one thing over and over, as I thought they did in heaven, but it changed; and Abraham, and Isaac and Jacob joined in, and I was wondering how they could all know about this new music, and I said:

"'How did you learn?'"

"'And Abraham said:

"'Why, this is heaven: and heaven is perfection. I knew how to sing some before, but I wanted to sing better, and now I am satisfied.'

"'I was about to say I didn't know that the patriarchs knew or cared for music, when I awoke. I lay and thought it all over; I knew it had only been a dream; but heaven has seemed so different since. And if it is like that, I really am in a hurry to go; that is, if you and mamma can go too. And if I live to go out to Uncle Jeremy's again, I shan't get tired of hearing him pray to sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, but I shall want to tell him that I don't believe they sit down in the stiff way that he thinks at all.'

My brother did not get well, but he had a relapse, and I saw him grow weaker and weaker day by day, and my young heart almost burst with grief as I was made to realize the possibility that he never would again go to Uncle Jeremy's.

He had the strangest way of talking and thinking about the going out of his life, at least I thought so then. He seemed to be anticipating a pleasant journey, so cheerful and joyful was he; and sometimes after he had been speaking about it he would break out, "Oh, it is all so different from what I supposed!" One day I overheard my mother talking with our minister about his death, and she said, "He has had a strange experience; he had a dream of heaven that has changed him entirely; he has really seemed to be in a hurry to go ever since." And the minister answered her, "Perhaps after all his was the reality and ours the dream." And my mother said not one word at this, but from that time there was a new look upon her face that I could not then make out, but she never afterwards showed the old gloom at the thought of my brother's being taken from us.

We did not go to Uncle Jeremy's that summer—mother and I—but the good man came to us in our sorrow, and he cheered and blessed us through his faith, strong, sincere and earnest.

His prayer was the same old one that dear Joe and I had known together—the same in form—and yet what life and beauty it had taken on, and when he had closed with the old petition, "Grant that we, with all thy people, may at last sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, in thy kingdom above," I said to myself, "I wonder if Uncle Jeremy knows what that really means?" so strongly did I feel that my brother's dream was really a vision. Since then, the years in passing have taken away Uncle Jeremy, and now I love to think that the "sitting down in the kingdom" means a world of bliss more than he ever dared to imagine.—Alliance.

Chicago Grain Elevators. Their aggregate capacity is 16,840,000 bushels; individual capacity from 90,000 to 2,000,000 bushels. They are in different parts of the city, but those at the disposal of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad give nearly one-third of the whole capacity. One of the newest of them, Armour, Dole & Co.'s elevator, "D," may be taken as what it is the fashion to call a "representative" elevator. It certainly is a very fine one, and should be seen by all inquiring visitors. It was begun in 1875, is 386 feet long, 100 feet wide, and 145 feet high, required 5,000,000 feet of lumber in its construction, and cost \$350,000. One can easily obtain permission to inspect it, and the superintendent will enlighten his ignorance, or increase and qualify his knowledge, as the case may be. He is conducted to a little "elevator" (here is this confusion of names again; it is what our English friends call a "lift"), and hoisted to the top floor. At one end he sees, swiftly passing over a shaft, the largest belt in the United States, 280 feet in length and eighty inches in width. Below him are great scales, and bins sixty feet deep. A fine and suggestive dust gradually covers his clothes as he listens to the polite cicerone, who is telling him that there are twenty-six standard Fairbanks scales in the building, and that they weigh so accurately that in an aggregate of six car-loads there was only a shortage of thirty pounds between "St. Joe" and Chicago. But "look out for the engine when the bell rings." A train has come in below full of grain in bulk. Into a car goes a great chute or nozzle; somebody pulls a lever, and presto! away has gone that grain up into a weighing bin, then down into another receptacle of profundity and security. It dawns on the observer's mind that one man's property is by no means kept separate from another man's. This grain is all graded by a State inspector; it is "weighed in" and "weighed out," and all that is needed is that the contents of each bin should be homogeneous. But here comes another train—empty cars to be filled for the East. Men wanted, with shovels, to laboriously handle the grain? Not at all. Down comes that chute again; boards are put across the doorways of the cars, and in one of them after another the grain runs up foot by foot. In less time than any one would think possible—a few minutes to each car—the train is entirely loaded, its doors are closed, and the engine is drawing it out again, to be delivered to one of the Eastern trunk lines.—A. A. Hayes, Jr., in Harper's Magazine.

Internal Revenue. The following table shows the amount of internal revenue collected during the fiscal year which ended June 30, 1880:

Alabama	135,854
Arizona	50,284
Arkansas	130,081
California	2,582,634
Colorado	108,250
Connecticut	361,180
Dakota	241,639
Delaware	36,438
Florida	204,500
Idaho	42,074
Illinois	20,155,913
Indiana	6,213,631
Iowa	854,859
Kansas	2,310,081
Kentucky	8,851,787
Louisiana	712,409
Maine	50,707
Maryland	2,383,357
Massachusetts	2,618,033
Michigan	1,611,737
Minnesota	364,689
Mississippi	323,008
Missouri	5,419,634
Montana	38,714
Nebraska	912,734
Nevada	69,453
New Hampshire	29,639
New Jersey	4,207,307
New Mexico	31,550
New York	16,249,477
North Carolina	2,343,006
Ohio	18,038,198
Oregon	76,091
Rhode Island	6,802,000
South Carolina	210,854
Tennessee	111,061
Texas	1,006,745
Vermont	238,106
Virginia	71,352
Washington	59,745
West Virginia	5,781,409
Wisconsin	27,018
Wyoming	2,628,316
Total	\$116,848,219

An Author's Liberality. The late M. Porcher entertained a very lively regard for authors, and many is the one whom he has relieved of embarrassment by a timely little loan. One day Alexandre Dumas came to him, and in a voice full of eagerness, said: "My dear fellow, you must let me have a little money. I have been so thoughtless as to leave my pocketbook at home, and I already owe the hackman who brought me here for nine hours. Lend me a louis, I beg of you." Porcher gave him the money required, and the author of "Monte-Christo" in an easier frame of mind, descended the staircase. Almost at the first step some one calls to him. "Monsieur Dumas! Monsieur Dumas!" "Ah, it is you, Catherine!" "Monsieur remember me!" "You are M. Porcher's cook." "Yes, monsieur, and monsieur cannot have forgotten that the last time he dined

here he complimented me on some pickles which I had made myself." "Ah, Well, I remember it perfectly." "Ah, Well, I've saved a bottle of them for monsieur. Heke it is." "You are very kind, my girl, how can I reciprocate? Here, take this;" and he presses the borrowed louis into her hand. Getting into the coach he drives away, as poor as before, with the important exception of a bottle of pickles.—French Paper.

"ELIM."

This is the desert, I said. A dreary and lonesome land. The sky is as burning brass o'er head. Underneath is the barren sand.

Here even the fountains that spring Sparkling, and cool, and fair. Are bitter as death to the thirsty soul. That drinks too trusting there.

I will gird my soul to tread The dusty path alone, I will dream of the Promised Land. Instead of the joys my life hath known.

But scarce had my weary feet Journeyed a sultry day. When sudden, and fair and sweet, Before me beautiful Elim lay.

I rest in the palm tree's shade, I drink of the water springs, Red roses gladden the dewy glade. I hear the rustle of wings.

O! wonderful blessed change— This tropical wealth of flowers, These odors of Paradise rich and strange. These cluster laden bowers.

Close round me, on walls of green, "Shut in the blossoming plain, Let me forget that behind your screen The desert begins again.

Women and Ladies. In the days of our fathers, there were such things to be met with as men and women—but now they are all gone, and in their place a race of gentlemen and ladies, or, to be still more refined, a race of "ladies and gentlemen," has sprung up. Women and girls are among the things that were. But "ladies" are everywhere. Miss Martineau, wishing to see the women's wards in a prison in Tennessee, was answered by the warden, "We have no ladies here at present, madam." Now, so far as the ladies were concerned, it was very well that none of them were in prison; but then it sounded a little odd—ladies in prison! It would seem bad enough for women to go to such a place.

A lecturer, discoursing upon the characteristics of women, illustrated thus: "Who were the last at the cross? Ladies. Who were the first at the sepulcher? Ladies." On this modern improvement we have heard of but one thing that beats the above. It was the finishing touch to a marriage ceremony, performed by an exquisite divine, up to all modern refinements. When he had thrown the chain of Hymen round the happy couple, he concluded by saying, "I now pronounce you husband and lady." The audience stuffed their handkerchiefs into their mouths, and got out of the room as quickly as possible, to take breath.

Good Taste. Good taste is sometimes as useful as money; indeed it has a pecuniary value of its own. How often do we see a cheap but tastefully planned and arranged cottage exceeding in attractiveness the spacious and costly but ill-conceived dwellings! The difference between taste and the want of it is strikingly manifested in the laying out of grounds and the planting of trees and shrubs. And it is also manifest in other ways. One person always appears well dressed; another never. Yet the one who is ill-dressed may pay his tailor twice as much in the year as the other.

The advertisement of a hanged Michigan murderer's death says that he "died suddenly and unintentionally."

A RHYME OF THE DISTRICT SCHOOL.

Read at the Third Annual Banquet of the Sons of Vermont in Chicago, Jan. 19, 1890, by NORMAN C. PERKINS

The small square school-house, with its sloping roof,
With clap-boards covered always painted red,
Stood like Fame's temple that did overlook
The Hill of Knowledge in the spelling-book.
And Learning's cheap and ever free abode,
Two public for it stood right in the road.
Its play-ground stretched with many a guide-
board sign.

From Massachusetts up to Derby Line,
Within the teacher's throne stood at the end—
Two rows of desks on each side did ascend,
With seats in front for little victims, where
Their feet swung useless, dangling in the air.
A mighty stove down in the middle stood,
And roared all day with heaps of maple wood.
There may have been a blackboard and per-
haps.

There hung a set of Mitchell's Outline Maps.
This was the school of forty years ago;
We don't remember it ourselves you know,
For we are boys yet, and we do but seem.
Gray-headed patriarchs, walking in a dream,
Our hair is false! and where the bald spots
rise
They only show how thin is the disguise;

Once more I see that troop of little girls
With shining hair, so innocent of curls,
Imprisoned close in little silken nets,
Barefooted, and with calico pantalets,
All wending schoolward on the summer's
day—
Now stopping to pick berries by the way—
Now standing all a-row, with glances shy,
To "make their manners to the paster-by!"
The school-ma'am sits there as of old she did,
Her watch ticks loudly, in her bosom hid,
As to the little pupil at her knee,
She points the letters out from A to Z,
With that sharp penknife which she always
had.

To cut off children's ears when they were bad.
Once more through open windows comes
the tone
Of murmuring bees—the harvest-bug's long
drone—
The hammer's sound comes from the distant
shop—
The swallows twitter from the chimney-top,
And noisy children read with many a nod,
That "No man may put off the law of God."

What house could hold that crew of boister-
ous boys
Whose sex and presence were made known
by noise,
As of a winter morning they rushed in,
With caps of fur and dinner-pails of tin,
With trouser-legs tied down with bits
of twine,
With rosy cheeks that evermore did shine
With health's own luster; with the melting
tracks
Of snowballs sticking still upon their backs,
And clad in coats that their own mothers
wove,
To thaw their aching fingers at the stove?

There stands the youngster, with a quiver-
ing lip,
Who was the "snapper," when they "snapped
the whip."
And whose short length end over end did go,
And stuck head-foremost in a drift of snow,
Here stand the big boys, who for morning's
play
Have taken a run a good half-mile away,
And slid down hill—there was no "coasting"
then—
And drew their sleds with patience back again.

Soon order came each racked his little pate
O'er dre subtractions on his tiny slate,
And learned that maxim, dear to many men,
"When you are short you always borrow ten."

Some playful whiff, perchance was doomed
to sit
Between the girls, as retribution fit
For his great crime; and so he learned e'en
then
The truth that comes in time to all young
men—
"Tis more than twice as hard for Adam's son
To sit with two girls as to sit with one!"

Behold that spelling-class with eager look—
With hands beside them—finger in the book—
No looking sideways, and no looking back—
Heads up, and every toe upon the crack—
Ranged in long line like soldiers as they stand,
Ready to bow and "curtsy," at command!
—The time has changed—boys still can make a
bow.

But where's the girl can make a "curtsy" now?
Now here to-night, before our school is done,
We'll read once more the Fable Number one.
"An old man found a rude boy in his tree,
A-staling apples—From which fact we see
The scene is laid not in Vermont—no, but
Down in New Hampshire or Connecticut.
The old man desired him to come down with
what he'd got;
But the young saucer-box told him plainly he
would not."
Now every boy that we knew in our school
Always came down, and with his pockets full!
"Oh, won't you?" said the old man; "then I
will fetch you down!"
Who ever heard such language in a Vermont
town?
So he pulled up some tufts of grass and threw
at him,
Which made the youngster laugh, upon that
limb.
"Well, well," said the old man, "if kind words
and grass won't do—"
Just see how wicked that bad old man grew!
"I'll try what virtue now there is in stones."
And pelted him heartily—may be broke his
bones—
Which made the young chap hasten
down from the tree,
And beg the old man's pardon—Now we see
This story's meant for children very small,
And is nothing but a fable, after all.

The moral of this tale each schoolboy obvi-
ously found
"Always steal apples when the old man isn't
round!"

The teacher boarded round—I see him yet—
The matron in her crown of bombazet,
With two side-aid combs cooping up her
hair,
And extra lap-stitches floating in the air,
Just greeting him within her open door,
With homely words of welcome, o'er and o'er.

"Twas, 'Yes, sir, walk right in, sir: take a
chair."
Stomped off the snow—it won't do any hurt.
"We've been expectin' you, but I declare
You wouldn't think we had, to see the dirt!"

Facts is, we butchered only 'other day—
We don't look quite so bad this, many nights;
We're sort o' clustered up, as you might say,
It takes so long to put the house to rights!

Betsuppers ready, come, sir, sit right down;
We don't stand on ceremony here,
Just help yourself, my husband's gone to
town.
But long 'bout nine o'clock guess he'll ap-
pear.

Like baked peritaters! That's a hard one,
though.

Come have another that is better done,
I guess them biscuits are about all dough,
But some look brownish—take that corner
one!

Now try a little sausage; we don't make
Pretensions—we're plain folks just as we
seem;
And is your tea agreeable? won't you take
More sugar, or another drop of cream?

Well, this is washin' day; in every room
The children they have scattered all their
duds—
I've had my hands full, with the oven-broom
And choches-pine and most everything in
the suds!
This lumpy put'n—waf, 'twas most too soon
To take it out—I see it ain't quite prime.
I alius put 'em in a Monday noon
And let 'em stay till Tuesday dinner time.

Jane pass them nut cakes; now my husband,
he

Conceals that I make nutcakes hard to
match.
Sometimes they're short and crisp—you've no
idea!
I didn't have luck, though, somehow, with
this batch.

These cookies have got awful hard and dry.
The caraway seeds like little bits of wood;
But maybe you kin eat one—now do try!
The children always think they're proper good.

Can you make room flap-jacks on your
plate?
They've stood so long I guess they're rather
tough.
This boy don't mind it—seems as if he ate
As though he never could get half enough.

Children are master hungry at his age,
Now don't you think so?—I declare, this pie
is dreadful hot! the punkin's best, I'll wage;
We'll cool the mince and have it by and by.

This sweet cake, now, it riz up nice and light,
And then it fell. I'm sorry, for my man,
Sets great store by it when he comes at night;
Now do make out a supper, if you can."

So speaking in apologetic strain
This woman placed before the teacher's eye,
A supper that, repeated once, again,
Might tempt the very saints to gluttony.

In time the sleigh bells' jingle, sharp and
clear,
Came to the children's ever listening ear;
And quick they crowded round the frosty
pane
To watch their father coming home again.

And then the youngest climbed upon a chair,
To place the candle for a beacon there,
His father a'nd the dog, the bargains of the day
Told one by one, the boot jack hung away,
His coat removed, and wearing still his hat,
The farmer then sat down to have his chat.

"Wal, you're a pooty good master, they say,
And you be, I've no doubt—I've no doubt;
But you'll have to look sharp on the big boys,
same day.
Will perhaps put you out—put you out.

We tried that game once, sir, when I was a
boy,
As we membered long arter—long arter;
He gin us a put out we didn't enjoy,
For we jest caught a Tartar—a Tartar!

Oh, I had to travel to school a good ways,
And 'twas up on a hill—on a hill;
They peared to locate all on 'em, them days,
As they would a windmill—a windmill.

They had pooty hard work with the snows
and the sleets,
To keep us from freezin'—from freezin';
There was consid'able coughin' upon the back
seats,
And a good deal of sneezin'—of sneezin'."

'Twas a log house, you know, with hewed
logs for a floor,
And the fire-place looked grimly—looked
grimly;
The cold air went in through the chinks and
the door,
And the warm air up chimly—up chimly.

A good eddication I've thought, for my son,
A good deal consarnin'—consarnin';
For I've made up my mind that, when all's
said and done,
There's nothin' like larnin'—like larnin'.

Now 'twouldn't be no favor to some boys I
see,
To send him to college—to college,
For they don't never seem to get no sort of
idea
Of the vally of knowledge—of knowledge.

The Book says you can't never make a fig
grew
Worth a cent on a thistle—a thistle,
And a pig's tail as all on us very well know,
Don't make a good whistle—good whistle.

You plant pink eyes and bilboes both in the
same field,
But you can't change their naters—their
naters;
The tops look alike, but you find by the yield
There's a difference in taters—in taters.

Now you compare Vermont boys with what
others you will,
With Yankees York Staters—York Staters,
You'll find they ain't small ones nor few in a
hill;
That's the difference in 'taters—in taters!"

Another home appears; upon the snow
The lingering twilight shed its parting glow
And gave that dreamy landscape with the
hue
Of earth and heaven, all blended, to the view.
Till made by shade it slowly crept away,
Like some white ghost of the departing day,
And darkness wrapped the outer world from
sight
And brought the stillness of the winter night.

In the room when night advancing
Set in bright gleam to dancing
With the wild and ghastly shadows on the wall,
And the husband's day's work ended
Left him with his legs ex-
posed
On the huge, old fashioned settee, broad and
tall.

There I see the mother sitting,
As she gently takes her knitting
Work from out the curious basket that the
Indians wore—
Sitting in her old position,
On a patchwork, feather cushion,
In her own low rocking-chair beside the stove.

Then her nimble-handed daughter
Stands up and swiftly brought her
Cherry light and from the corner where it
stood by day
Spread the linen cloth in order,
With tied rings around the border—
Brought the candles with the snuffers and the
tray.

Like a miser with his riches,
Counting one by one the stitches,
So she "widened" and she "narrowed" o'er
and o'er,
While the dog, of sleepy habits,
Lay and dreamed of chasing rabbits,
And the kitten chased the ball upon the floor.

So she sat there slowly rocking,
As she knitted the little stocking,
Looking up with many a nod and tender
smile
At her children's faces ruddy,
As she saw them at their study,
Softly humming some low ditty all the while

And each note, perchance, was bringing
To her, as she sat there singing,
Its own story of the shadowy long ago;
Then a moment seemed to blend her
Voice with memories yet more tender,
And a lullaby came from her soft and low.

Knitting still, and never speaking,
Naught was heard except the creaking
Of her chair's unceasing motion to and fro.
Till her ball of yarn diminished,
And the baby's sock was finished,
With a little tip of whiteness at the toe.

And then came her boy's distractions,
Puzzling o'er his vulgar fractions,
But she said, "My son, to-night I would not
try."
And, a smile her face adorning,
"I'll wait easier in the morning;
Take good courage—it will come out by and
by."

O, that faith of loving blindness!
O, those words of loving kindness!
Of the ones who gave their lives for such as we!
In their ears they sound forever,
Like the light of a guiding star,
In the shell that brings its music from the
sea!

Like their spirit's fond caressing,
Let their names fall like a blessing
On our children as we bring them to the font;
For something nobler than all others
God created all our mothers—
God created all the mothers of Vermont!

Rock in which petrified leaves and
grasses appear has been found near
Austin, Nev.

ROSE FORRESTER'S ESCAPE.

BY E. S. E.

"Every body envies Rose Forrester."
The pale girl, in gold-colored silk, lift-
ed the broad lids from her clear eyes for
a moment, as the speaker's words reached
her ear; then she bent over the photo-
graphs upon her lap again.

Every item of her person and dress
spoke the patrician, yet there was noth-
ing of fashionable ennui in her air. She
handled the pictures with an enthusiastic
appreciation of their worth, so absorbed
in their examination as to be totally
unconscious of the tall, fair man who
stood quite near, looking down upon her
with an apparent suddenly-awakened in-
terest.

"Belonging to such a nice family,
an heiress and so beautiful!"
The continued words of the speak-
er reached Howard Manley's ear, but evi-
dently Rose Forrester did not hear them.
She turned with a sparkling smile to her
hostess, and was still talking to her of
the photographs, when Mr. Clinton
brought Howard Manley up for an intro-
duction.

As she rose in the full light it revealed
that she was young, scarcely twenty, yet
tall of stature, and with a marked repose
of manner.

Her beauty was not conspicuous—she
was too pale; yet Manley saw how perfect-
ly clear cut was every feature, how clear
the dark eye, how dark the curling lashes.
The ripe lips shut over little teeth as
white as milk, and the contour of the
face was a perfect oval.

The girl's natural and spontaneous
manner told that she gave the young
man, at first, no unusual attention.

Little by little she observed him—the
fair hair shadowing the white forehead,
the dark blue, penetrating eyes, the un-
usual grace of figure, the faultless dress.

Her manner was so cordial and friend-
ly, and unmistakably charming, that
Manley racked his brains for the chance
of a next meeting, but was obliged to
abandon it when Miss Forrester was joined
by her brother.

She left the room, but instantly he
thanked his good fortune at the finding
of a ruby scarf pin, which he recognized
as hers. It was easy to decide the orna-
ment too valuable to be entrusted to a
messenger. It was a presumption which
he would manage with ease to call upon
her and restore.

Rose was not a belle. She had too
much depth and passion of nature to
ever be a society woman; but she had her
admirers, and out of them she soon chose
Manley.

She could not tell why, but his looks,
words, every act, had a charm for her,
and the eloquent blood tinged her cheek
at his approach told him the story of his
power.

He was a proud man—he might well
have been a happy one—but he often
bore an air of noticeable weariness and
depression. This, in answer to Rose's
gentle inquiries, he attributed to ill
health.

Spring was opening, with its vivid
sunshine, its balmy air, and Rose was
very happy. It seemed to her that
it was the pleasant influences of the
season which made her daily walks so light;
the tender color, sights, and sounds sur-
rounding her daily walk with Manley in
the park, which made them so enjoyable.

Perhaps they helped to make her spir-
it strong so that she dared say to herself,
"I love him!" and say it without reserva-
tion or fear; for she knew that it was but
a little while since she had first met him,
and of his past history and much of his
present, she knew nothing.

No, she feared nothing for herself.
To love, and be surrounded by tenderness,
was happiness enough for her; she
asked for no more. Yet some instinct or
trace of worldly wisdom made her with-
hold her confidence from her brother,
who was her guardian; he knew nothing
of the intimacy.

From the night she had first met Man-
ley at Mrs. Clinton's party, she never
knew him intimately.

He told her that he had no female re-
latives—no home.

He evidently had means at command,
and procured for her, with an ingenuity
that was almost genius, the rarest and
most beautiful gifts. Her delighted re-
ception of them seemed a mutual joy
which prevented any possible feeling of
obligation on her side. In truth, full of
the passionate impulses of youth, she
was deaf, dumb, and blind for anything
but the fullness of the present.

Her brother came into the music room,
where she sat at the piano, dreamily
one day.

"Rose, will you give me your attention
for a few minutes?"

He held an open letter in his hand.
He was twenty years older than herself,
a world-wise, prudent man.

"Dr. Wingrove proposes for your hand.
You are aware that it will be a very ad-
mirable match, are you not?"

Rose had a strange, stunned feeling,
yet she bowed faintly. From childhood
she had been greatly under her brother's
control.

"I should like to write him favorably,
Rose. Have you any objection?"

"I—I—" she found herself upon her
feet, shivering in the May sunshine.

"I would have a little time, Edwin."
"Certainly, if you wish," though his
brow slightly clouded. "The doctor will
not probably look for an immediate an-
swer."

The next moment Rose had escaped
from the room, and was locked alone in
her own chamber.

During the next two hours she hardly
knew what she was doing. She found
herself walking the floor and wringing
her hands. At last she stopped short,
with a sense of pride.

"There is no reason, no reason in this
world! I dare not tell my brother why I
will not marry Dr. Wingrove."

Dr. Wingrove was the noblest and gen-
tlest of men, singularly handsome, well-
thigh, highly connected and barely thirty
years of age. He had known her since
childhood, never made love to her, but
now that the offer of marriage had come
to her, she realized, somehow, that he al-
ways had loved her.

Rose was conscious of a racking pain
in her temples, at last. The chamber
seemed stifling. Catching up her cloak
and hat and tying a veil of heavy black
lace across her face, she went out in-
to the street.

She soon walked herself weary, with-
out abating her painful sensation, and

returning to the street on which her resi-
dence was situated, entered the public
enclosure of trees and shrubbery which
ornamented the square. A fountain bub-
bled in the centre; the stone vases of
flowers sent a sweet perfume upon the
air.

So close to her home, she had no timi-
dity, and, sinking upon a circular seat
surrounding a large tree, she gave her-
self up to her absorbing thoughts.

It was soon dark yet she had not
stirred. In her black dress in shadow,
she was quite unnoticed by two men
who crossed the street from the opposite
side and sat down behind her.

She would then have risen and guided
away quietly, but that movement was ar-
rested by Howard Manley's voice.

"How soon?" he asked.

"Now," my dear brother. I'll stand
the risk no longer. I've passed false
money enough for you to shut me up for
the rest of my life, and I value my lib-
erty, singularly enough," sneeringly.

"Well, well, I am willing enough to
go, Fred. Heavens knows I am as sick
of the business as you can be. Coining
isn't all prosperity. In a new country I
would feel like another man. But—"

"The heiress!"

"I am sure of her. But I don't like to
urge a speedy marriage. She has an old
fox of a brother, who may be inconveni-
ently curious regarding my affairs. If
we could wait till the autumn, now, I
might enter some respectable business."

"I tell you it won't do!"

Both rose in their excitement and in-
voluntarily walked away.

Plainly, under the gaslight, Rose saw
Howard Manley and his brother pass into
the street. They were comers.

More dead than alive, she crept into
the house. But Rose was not a weak
girl. Before midnight she had placed
Howard's gifts in a close package, and
sealed them, with a note briefly stating
that she had heard the conversation in
the park. The next morning it was dis-
patched.

As soon as her brother reached the
subject of Dr. Wingrove's proposal, she
asked to have the latter call upon her.

He came, with countenance so high of
purpose, with eyes so full of truth, that
she involuntarily contrasted Howard's
cold, reflective face with it; but she told
Dr. Wingrove all the truth.

"Perhaps it was wrong, but I loved
him—loved him purely—and my heart is
torn and bleeding. I am wild with a
secret pain which I must hide from every
one. If I had never known him! But
I cannot imagine that. This terrible ex-
perience has changed me; I am not the
care-free, happy, trusting girl you knew.
I cannot love you; but pity me—be my
friend! I must talk to some one, and
oh, there is no one in the world so good
as you!"

Was Dr. Wingrove piqued by this re-
ception of his proposal? No, he was too
generous and tender for that.

"Poor child!" he said, in a tone so
soothing that, for the first time, Rose
gave way to a relieving burst of passion-
ate weeping.

"What shall I do? What do you think
of me?" she asked at last.

"We will wait, and I think that I love
you," he answered, quietly.

So two kept the secret of Rose's sor-
row more easily than one, and though
her heart still knew its pangs of grief
for a time, the summer brought change
of scene which was helpful to a spirit
really brave and innocent.

Dr. Wingrove joined Rose and her
brother at the seashore, to find bright-
ness in the young girl's eyes again, and
to the latter it was sweet to call so kind
and noble a man friend.

Together they climbed the rocks, drank
the free air, watched the sunsets and the
sea. Of old they had been congenial,
and now they seemed more happily so.

There is usually a sacredness about
first love, and perhaps it is expected of
me to record the death of my heroine of
a broken heart, but I must tell the truth.
In the autumn Rose married Dr. Win-
grove. She is one of the happiest wives
in the world. The first love fell from her
like a false blossom, while the second
ripened richest fruit.

the others. A town-meeting had to be
called to settle the matter, and though it
was a unanimous vote that his share was
forfeited, yet he pleaded his case so elo-
quently that "half a share" was voted
him.

A TALE OF A PUMP.

BY J. P. H.

It has been observed by these accus-
tomed to notice variations in human char-
acter, that some men do not indulge in
peculiarities of behavior and speech un-
til after they have passed the middle age,
and then only from their lack of the oc-
cupations to which they had previously
been accustomed; others, again, never
plunge into the humorous until that pe-
riod, and another class would as soon
think of committing burglary as giving
way to a habit of censorious satire until
their scalps are in the shining condition
of the uncle Ned celebrated in song. As
for the other sex, they in the decline of
life exhibit fewer of the changes that ap-
proach eccentricity; it is the middle-aged
and elderly gentlemen who take to ways
that, in their early years, would have en-
tirely spoiled their prospects, or it they
had plenty of money, consigned them to
a lunatic asylum.

The hero of the following story was
rapidly approaching sixty when he ac-
quired the reputation of being the "fun-
niest old gent" that lived out Finchley
way, and how he developed into that no-
toriety will not take long nor be un-
pleasant in the telling.

He was a retired tradesman, a bachelor
from choice, for he had never given any
woman an opportunity of jilting him,
and for forty years had been known in a
business street of the Strand as one of
the staidest of men.

Having amassed a fortune, he retired
to a small villa in the quiet end of Finch-
ley, far out of the sight and hearing of
all the cemeteries, with a young lady, the
daughter of a deceased friend, for ward
and companion, and a "churchwarden"
as long as his walking stick for a soother
in his hours of meditation.

He was a thickest, short, rosy-cheeked,
jolly looking party, bald as a philosopher
who had early devoted his hair to the
pursuit of the impossible, but as genial
in manner as a good old parson in the
green old age of placid self-contentment.
It need scarcely be added that he loved
good ale, and although he had never read
or heard of Warton, he could with him
exclaim:

"My sober evening let the tankard bless,
While the rich draughts, with oft-repeated
Tobacco mud improves."

He was sitting in his pretty garden,
his custom of a fine afternoon in the
summer, as usual smoking, and this time
listening, or pretending to listen to a
young fellow, who was talking volubly
of the cares and anxieties of a life that
had just stretched itself into its twenty-
third year.

"This is the age of mediocrity, uncle,"
said the young man with languid energy.
"Genius is unappreciated. A fellow, to
succeed in either art or literature, must
creep; if he tries to soar above the com-
mon level, worry and distraction keeps
him down—down, uncle, and unless he
grovels in the dust of the dullness of the
common herd of authors and artists, he
must starve—starve, uncle, for he cannot
live on the wind of his own self-approval.
The paintings you admired so much the
society would not look at, but they could
hang inferior work on the line—actually
on the line, uncle—"

What further he might have said was
not said, for his uncle, like one inspired
rose from his seat, and, with his pipe,
waved him in the direction of a little
door in the garden wall, at the same
time crying out:

"Follow me!"

The old gentleman conducted his re-
lative into a back yard, apparently de-
voted to clothes drying and lumber, on
one side of which, right under the blaz-
ing sun, was a pump, rusty handled, and
in the last stage of dilapidation.

"Do you see that pump?" said the un-
cle.

His nephew acknowledged that he
did.

"It strikes me forcibly," said the un-
cle, seating himself on an aged chair,
"that the pump is a key to a mystery.
The well has evidently been long unused.
Who knows, now, what a valuable me-
dicinal water it contains? It is said
truth lies in a well. Many a fortune has
been found in one. Oblige me, Fred, by
putting off your coat and pumping."

Fred cheerfully complied with the re-
quest, for, having expectations from the
owner of the pump, he felt it would be
fully to refuse to comply with any of his
reasonable commands.

So Fred pumped until the perspira-
tion exuded from every pore of his body,
and his arms ached as they had never
ached at any athletic sport in which he
had indulged, but never a drop of water
came. His uncle looked on, smoking
the while, and with all the gravity of an
American Indian. At the end of about
half an hour, Ned dropped the rusty
handle in disgust, and exclaimed:

"The well is dry!"

"And so am I," replied his uncle, fix-
ing on his exhausted nephew a pair of
round, gooseberry eyes, from which all
speculation seemed long ago to have van-
ished.

Fred, however, seemed to read some
meaning in their unwinking stare;
probably the monosyllabic response as-
sisted him to an interpretation, for put-
ting on his coat, he left the yard without
uttering a word. In the house he en-
countered the ward, Miss Helen Vere, a
pretty and accomplished young lady of
eighteen, who thought him the hand-
somest and cleverest young man in all
creation, and was quite prepared to
throw herself and fortune on his broad,
manly bosom.

Fred was quite aware of the state of
her mind with regard to him, and fondly
reciprocated her affection; but with all
his failings as a genius in the trail of
a morbid depression of energy, he was
honorable, and scorned the suggestion of
marrying a girl for her money, even if
he legally could have done so.

"What is the matter?" inquired the
young lady, peering into his heated and
much discomposed visage. "Have
you quarrelled with your quarrelled?"

"No, we have not quarrelled, but the
post Jonkoffsky, whom the Russian
Grand Duke Alexis recently married and
was forced to give up to another man by
the Grand Duke's boy, who is a pretty
picture of healthy boyhood.

and with something approaching a
chuckle, said to himself:
"It will do him good. The lad wants
rousting. There's prime stuff in him,
but he lies idle on the shelf, as unsaleable
and useless to him as rank butter to a
far dealing tradesman."

The immediate result of the pump in-
cident was that the villa at Finchley did
not see Fred for some time, to the won-
der; and not a little the anger of Nelly,
and her guardian being seized with a fit
of humorous expunction, resolved that
the ancient lifter of water from the
depths of the earth, should be put to
some profitable use.

Being a guardian of the poor, he hated
tramps and vagabonds, whom he regard-
ed as among the worst of impostors, and
the pump suggested to him a ready
means of testing their rascality.

Like most suburban places, Finchley
was infested with tramps of the mendi-
cant class, consequently opportunities
for putting the scheme into execution
were soon furnished in abundance, and
Mr. Hughes' bundle of experiences grew
fast, but extremely monotonous in its un-
attractive bulk.

His mode of proceeding whenever a
beggar—a man of the sturdy class of
course—came to solicit alms, was to have
him conducted into the small back yard,
where he thus addressed him:

"Look you here, my man, I never give
money in charity, but if you like to try
your strength on that pump for an hour,
you shall have a shilling."

All eagerly set to work at first, but
when they found their labor attended
with no result, the expression on their
grimy visages was comical. The ex-
treme wonder, temper, disgust, rage,
shooting forth in turn or together, were
a study in human nature by no means
unprofitable.

The most prevalent sentiment among
the entire lot seemed to be that of indig-
nation at being made fun of, for how-
ever much the most depraved of men, as
regard honest labor, may be averse to
work as work, they have a constitutional
tendency to being put to anything which
tends to make them feel small and con-
temptible.

Your lazy fellow and your rogue alike
dread ridicule. And as to the peculiari-
ties of the nationalities, Mr. Hughes had
his humorous curiosity liberally gratified.
The English, one and all, denounced the
pump as a swindle, the national objur-
gation which for generations was the ter-
ror of France being invariably added.
Many a huge fellow swore that he had
rather took a turn on "the mill."

The only Scotman who tried his hand
at the business, threw down the handle
at the end of twenty minutes, and de-
clared it was "an awful waste of human
energy." As for the Irish, who were le-
gion, and generally earned the shilling,
they described the affair as "mighty dhry,"
and departed, washing the "ould gint"
in a warmer place than the one he oc-
cupied. Not one in fifty came a second time,
and at the end of three months, Mr.
Hughes—Pump-handle Hughes as he got
to be called in the neighborhood—found
his newly-created occupation gone, and
the old pump once more stood idle in its
rusty decrepitude, to the great relief
of Nelly and the servants, for the boys of
Finchley had begun to launch after them
comments more pungent than polite.

The noise of these proceedings spread,
and as a matter of certainty, reached the
ears of Fred's mother, who, resenting the
infrequency of checks, did not visit at
the villa as formerly, and was in the hab-
it of declaring that her brother had lost
his senses, and ought to be looked after.

"He is as sound as you, or I," said her
son; "indeed in my opinion a good deal
sounder than I am, or rather was, for
there is method in his madness; good,
honest method, which was not the case
with me a little while ago, for in my mad-
ness there was a sagacity of idleness."

His mother, who had never soiled her
fingers at the trade behind her father's
counter, but had married a gentleman of
"high attainments," who, having spent
all her money he could lay his hands on,
died, leaving her a widow in genteel po-
verty, sighed, and in the shallows of her
feeble brain wondered what the world
was coming to, when her only and idol-
ized son seemed to be forgetting that on
his father's side, he came from an excel-
lent family.

Fred had altered, and for so young a
man wonderfully. That one turn at his
uncle's pump had turned him, as it were,
clean round in his moral organization.
Aimless before, he had set himself reso-
lutely to look something tangible in the
face.

"I am not a genius," he resumed, "but
sensibly with health and strength I can
set to work at something honorable and
profitable, and I will!"

And he did. That "I will" of a firm-
textured brain can bring to its owner a
power which no magician with his paltry
wand ever called from the vasty deep of
dark nothingness. Having a fair knowl-
edge of several languages, he applied for
and obtained the situation of correspond-
ing clerk in a city firm, and after a few
weeks' initiation, found that six hours a
day employment in such an occupation,
instead of doing him harm, did him a
great deal of good.

His uncle, well posted as to his pro-
ceedings, wrote him encouragingly, and
at the end of the first quarter of his pro-
bation, insisted on his visiting the villa
as usual. "Nelly wishes it," and that
was enough for Fred; "but," added Mr.
Hughes, "let us see what the other nine
months will do," supplementing his re-
mark with a musty proverb which need
not be repeated.

The other nine months were evidently
brimful of satisfaction to the uncle, for he
advanced Fred sufficient money to enable
him to become a junior partner in the
firm, and what delighted him more, gave
his hearty consent to his marriage with
pretty Nelly Vere, whose fortune, how-
ever, he insisted should be strictly set-
tled on herself.

As for the pump, it still stands in the
little back yard, the handle carefully
locked to the side, and Fred, out of gra-
titude, has had the frame work renewed
and gayly painted, for to him it will al-
ways be anything but an emblem of "dry-
ness."

ALEXANDRINA, the daughter of the
poet Jonkoffsky, whom the Russian
Grand Duke Alexis recently married and
was forced to give up to another man by
the Grand Duke's boy, who is a pretty
picture of healthy boyhood.

YESTERDAY.
It only seems like yesterday;
Why beats this heart? 'tis over now;
And those bright dreams of love and hope
Are in the far-off long ago;
Yet time hath wrought no change in me,
My love is linked to yesterday.
It only seems but yesterday;
How happily those days sped by!
At evening I was sure to meet
A sunset smile and starry eye;
All those sweet smiles died out from me,
With that sweet far-off yesterday;
I sometimes meet a smiling face,
A kindly word of sympathy;
But what are they to my crushed heart?
They only chain my memory
To those fond smiles that cheered my way
In that sweet far-off yesterday.

I wander back to those bright days,
When all was one troubled sea—
My life a happy golden dream,
No mazes of perplexity
Those golden dreams have died away,
With that sweet far-off yesterday;
Ah, well! the past is over now;
And what there is in store for me
I do not dare wish to know,
Nor penetrate futurity.
I know that all things work for good
To those who put their trust in God;
And when I reach yon star paved sky,
The yesterday will be to-day.

—Good Works

THE TROUBLESOME NIECE; Or the Opening of a Hardened Heart.

BY S. C. JR.

"And so Kate Owen is coming here!" said Absalom Burr to himself, as he paced to and fro in his small, dingy apartment. "Why don't she get married and go about her business? A plague on her, I say. Just because my sister chose to marry Jim Owen, and then die, and leave this girl behind, I must take the thing and provide for it. What a fool I was ever to tell my sister I'd see to her child. Why, here'll be my house turned topsy-turvy, and everything like peace fly out of the windows. And then I suppose the flirt thinks that I'll find her in spending money. But she'll soon find out her mistake there. Not a penny—no—not one. She says she can sew, and she shall. By the host, she don't touch a penny of mine. And if she stays here, she shall do my sewing to pay for house room, and do my cooking and washing to pay for her victuals. A plague on poor nieces!"

Thus spoke Absalom, and then he sat down and stuck his feet close up to the fire. Absalom Burr was a perfect miser. He had seen his sixtieth birthday, and his hair was sparse and white. His form was short and spare, and somewhat bent. His face was deeply furrowed by the passing time, and its lines were hard and cold. His clothes were old and patched, and his shoes, even, were sadly in want of mending. The cold breath of winter was close at hand, and yet the only fuel he had was such as he had been able to pick up by the roadside, and at the edge of the pond. The house in which he lived was but a poor hovel, with only two rooms, and with furniture more fit for fire-wood than anything else. There were four windows in the house, and every spare rag of clothing he owned was in use for the replacing of broken panes.

And yet Absalom Burr was worth fifty thousand dollars, though he contrived to be taxed for only about ten thousand, which was invested in houses that he rented in town.

He was never known to bestow a penny in charity, though many a poor and suffering fellow-creature had begged for assistance at his hands.

Alone had he lived for many a long year, and his heart was all hardened and closed up against every kindly feeling. He spent his time in attending to his rents, picking up wood and rags by the wayside, and counting his money at home.

One Monday evening near the last of November, the stage stopped in front of Absalom's hut, and a young female was helped out by the driver, and a trunk and handbox put down after her. It was Kate Owen.

The old man had not seen her for ten years, but he remembered well how his sister had looked when she was a girl, and here was her exact image. Kate's mother was the only sister he ever had, and he was the only brother she ever had, and thus Kate was the only near relative he had living.

The girl helped carry her own trunk in, and as soon as she had removed her bonnet, she threw her arms around her uncle's neck and kissed him. He started back at this, and a severe look passed over his face.

Kate Owen was a pretty girl, and she had left behind her not one acquaintance who did not love her. She was a short, plump, laughter-loving being, with brown hair and hazel eyes, and when she laughed, the dimples deepened in her cheeks and chin, and the dark curls shook about her fair temples. In fact, one look at her happy face was as good as medicine for the blues, and the ring of her rich and merry laugh was contagious.

"My dear uncle," she said, after she had seated herself at the fire, "are you not glad I've come?"

"Well—yes; I shouldn't want you to be without a home—but mind you are to help me. You won't be an expense to me."

"Of course I won't. Why, I'll return you tenfold. How snug and happy we will be next winter! You won't be here all alone to hear the wind blow, and the hail thump and rattle against the windows. And I shall feel better, too, than I should if I was away among strangers."

"But you've got to go among strangers sometimes. You can't expect to find a home here always."

"O, no, uncle, of course not. But then while I do stay here we'll enjoy it, won't we?"

"I enjoy myself very well at any time." Kate understood all this. She knew just what her uncle was, and she had come prepared to meet all his peculiarities. She kept the same happy smile upon her face, and in the same sweet tones did she address the old miser under all circumstances. Ere long she asked her uncle where she would find the materials for supper, for she confessed that she was hungry.

"I eat some bread and cheese when I am hungry," he told her.

"But haven't you any tea or flour? or butter?"

"There may be a little butter," said the old man, reluctantly; "but I don't think there's any flour, and tea is something I don't use."

"But you love it, uncle?"
"Why, yes—but it costs too much."
"And sugar, have you any of that?"
"No. I get along very well without it."

"Then you wait a few minutes, and I'll run out and get some. I saw a store as I come by, only a few rods back from here."

And as she spoke she put on her bonnet and shawl.

"But I don't have any account at the store," uttered the old man fearfully. "They won't trust me."

"Never mind. I have the money. Just you see to the fire, and mind the tea-kettle boils."

And thus speaking, Kate ran out. In about fifteen minutes she returned, and in her arms she bore quite a little heap of packages. A little bundle of flour, a package of tea, some sugar, a small new tin pail full of milk, and so on.

Her next movement was to hunt up the bread. She round a loaf of baker's bread, and having cut it up into slices she placed it near the fire to toast. Then she moved out the old table, and after the leaves were raised she inquired for a table cloth, but the old man had none.

But she was prepared for this, and more too. In her trunk she not only found a cloth, but also a cream pitcher, sugar-bowl, and a few other articles of like description which she kept as remembrances of her mother. The snow-white cloth was spread, the dishes put on, and then Kate hunted up a stew-pan.

This she cleaned, and having fixed it on the fire she proceeded to prepare a dip for the toast, which she made of butter, milk and water thickened with a little flour.

She found Absalom's dishes hidden away in various places, as though stuck away from the sight of assessors and tax-gatherers. But there were more of them than she had imagined, though they all had to undergo a sort of washing process before they were put on the table.

Finally the toast was done, the tea was made, and then uncle Absalom was informed that supper was ready.

So intent had he been upon watching the light, airy movements of the fairy, that he did not notice the first call, and it was not until he had been spoken to the second time that he fairly understood.

He sat up to the table, and a softer shade rested on his forehead as he cast his eyes over the board. The snow-white cloth, the clean dishes, the light, rich-looking toast, and above all the lovely presence that presided over the scene, were new things in that heretofore cheerless home.

Kate helped him to a plate of toast and a cup of tea, and the shade upon his face grew softer as he tasted the well prepared food.

"Don't you remember this cream-pitcher, and this sugar-bowl, uncle Absalom?" Kate asked, as she helped him to a second plate of toast.

He looked at them and after a while he said:

"They do look familiar, Kate."

"Ay, uncle, you have seen them often before. Your kind mother always used them while she lived, and when she died she gave them to my mother. I love them now, they are doubly dear to me, bringing back to my mind one of the best of grandmothers, and one of the most true and faithful mothers."

Absalom Burr gazed upon the mementoes, and a moisture gathered in his eyes, but 'twas not quite enough to form a tear.

"Now, uncle," spoke Kate, as they were about to rise from the table, "isn't this better than cold bread and water?"

"Why, yes it tastes a little better, but it costs more, Kate."

"No, no, my uncle, it doesn't cost so much. It may take a little more money, but look at the comfort and satisfaction it affords, and which would be lost without it. What is money good for, if we cannot purchase comfort with it? Who so poor as he who has no comfort and no joys? But I know what you mean. You would be prudent and saving—and so we will be; and yet we will have some comfort, too."

The table was soon cleared away, and then Kate proceeded to her dishes. After this, she sat down and conversed with her uncle, and for two hours she entertained him with accounts of her own and her parents' experience.

When bed-time came, she found her cotready for her, and though she saw plainly how she could better it, yet she said nothing. She put her arms about her uncle's neck, and having kissed him, she said:

"Good night, uncle. God bless and keep you."

And then she took her candle and went away to bed, leaving the old man to find his way by the light of the fire.

How strange and sweet they were, and how many long years had passed since he had heard such words before. His thoughts went back to the time when his mother used to kiss him at bed-time, and for the while he forgot the long, dark years that had passed away since those boyhood days.

The old man went to his bed and dreamed. He dreamed that he was a boy once more, and that his mother was with him, to care for and love him.

In the morning he was aroused by the notes of a blithe, sweet song. He started up and listened, and he heard the same beautiful song which his mother used to sing in her happiest moments.

He arose and dressed himself, and shortly afterwards Kate came in. She had built a fire in the old fire-place out in the porch, and the coffee was already made. She greeted the old man with a happy smile, and another kiss. Her fair cheeks were all aglow, and her face presented the very picture of health and happiness.

A breakfast of dry toast and butter, coffee, and a few warm biscuits, was soon on the table, and as the old man sat down, that shade upon his face grew softer still. After breakfast, Kate came and put her arms about his neck, and said:

"Now, uncle, that you have a female in the house, you ought surely to slick up a little—enough for comfort, at any rate. In the first place, we want just seven panes of glass set. Now go to the glazier and have this done at once; for you know your own health and comfort will be enhanced thereby."

"Yes—well—I have been thinking of this for some time, Kate; but it costs so much."

"Never mind that, uncle Absalom. Let

us first have those things, which are absolutely necessary to our health and comfort, and then we will examine the state of our funds, and if we are likely to fall short, we can economize in something else."

"So we can," said the old man; and thus speaking, he left the house. In half an hour afterward the glazier came, and before noon the windows were perfect.

And all that forenoon Kate worked busily about the house, with mop and water, so that when Absalom came home he was astonished. The door was clean and white, the fire place neat, and the new panes let in such an extra quantity of light that it seemed like a new room.

Kate got such a dinner as she was able to pick up, and the afternoon she spent in mending some of her uncle's old clothes. He came in toward the middle of the afternoon and Kate told him that she was out of flour. He proposed getting two pounds, but she finally made him see that it would be for his interest to get a barrel. It came hard to pay out six dollars for a barrel of flour, but he did it; and while he was about it he got a pound of tea, a pound of coffee, and some other little things. These he sent home, and when he came to sit down to his supper of light, warm biscuit, and taste the fragrant tea, he really confessed to himself that he was a gainer by the money thus far expended.

Thus matters moved on for a week. The old man watched his niece's every movement, but he could see nothing wasted. Every crumb was cared for and saved, and he was surprised to see what excellent dishes she could prepare for almost nothing.

One afternoon, when the wind blew cold and the snow was falling fast, a poor girl rapped at the door and Kate let her in. Her name was Martha Allen, and her father was a poor day laborer, who had been confined to his bed for several months, having been severely injured by blasting rocks. She was only fifteen, and a mild, blue-eyed, pretty girl. She had come to see if Mr. Burr could not help her father.

"Why should he send to me?" the old man asked, nervously.

"Oh, sir, he does not know that I have gone out to beg for him," returned the girl; "but I could not bear to see him suffering so, in body and mind, without trying to help him. For three long months he has lain in his bed, and now he is kept back by the thought of the debt he will have upon his shoulders when he gets up. But thus far I have not run him in debt, though he thinks I have, and I dare not wholly deceive him, for fear that I must do so. We have spent every cent he had lain up, and have I worked hard and sold many of my things; but I have nothing more to sell, and all my time must be spent with him. Oh, sir, for the love of mercy, give me something. If we ever can pay you we will."

"But what would you have, girl?" the old man asked, moving uneasy in his chair.

"A dollar or two dollars. You would not miss it, while—"

"Not miss it! and do you think I am made of money?"

At this moment Kate left the room, and in a moment more she opened the door and called for her uncle to come out.

"What is it?" he asked, as he came in to the back room, leaving the poor girl alone.

"Uncle Absalom, you must not send that poor girl off empty handed," she said, placing both hands upon his shoulders. "Just think of her poor father, and of how much she suffers for him. You are able and so long as you give in charity to her, so sure shall your reward be."

"And who's to reward me, child?"

"Your own thoughts and feelings, uncle."

"But I haven't the money to spare."

"Then give her ten dollars—"

"Ten dollars! Mercy, Kate, would you ruin me?"

"Hear me out. Give her ten dollars, if at the end of six months you want it again, I will pledge myself to see it paid."

"You see it paid! And where will you get it?"

"I have more than that—money which I have laid up to buy clothes with."

"Then you cannot spare it?"

"I can go without clothes easier than I can see a poor house man suffering, when by my means he may be blessed. O, I would rather have the free, heart-felt blessing of one honest soul than all the dresses in the world. To walk forth and feel that I am loved for the good I do were better far than millions of money piled away in dark corners. Go and give her ten dollars, and keep me to my promise, for I will not break it. But mind you, my name must not be mentioned. Give it to her as your own gift."

"But you will pay me?"

"When you ask it."

"I think it's foolish for you to throw away money so, and yet I'll give it to her. You won't come to me for dresses though."

"No, sir."

The old man returned, having pulled out his pocket-book, he drew out ten dollars and handed it to Martha Allen.

"Here," he said, "take this, and see that you make a good use of it."

The poor girl took the money with a trembling hand, and as she looked at the bills—two fives—she was startled.

"You have made a mistake, sir," she said.

"How so?"

"You have given me ten dollars."

"So I meant, girl."

A moment the child gazed into the old man's face, and then she burst into tears.

"O, sir!" she uttered, catching his hands and pressing her lips upon them. "God bless you for this! You know not what joy will illumine my poor father's heart when he knows of this. God bless you, now and forever!"

When Martha Allen was gone, Absalom Burr wiped a tear from his eye. Kate looked up through her own tears and saw him. She moved quietly to his side, and putting her soft arm about his neck, she kissed him upon the cheek. But she did not speak.

An excellent supper was partaken of, and in the evening Kate sang some of her sweetest songs to her uncle, and more than once while she sang she saw tears in his eyes.

That night when Absalom Burr laid

his head upon his pillow he had a new emotion, and it was a strange one to him—yet it was a sweet and blessed one. He had done a deed of charity, and the blessing of that poor but noble girl yet rung in his ears and dropped up on his soul; and he imagined he could hear the prayers of Mark Allen ascending to heaven in his behalf. He knew Mark Allen for an honest, industrious, steady, hard-working man, and he felt sure that Mark would pray for him. Surely the thought was a blessed one.

But stop! Who gave that saving gift? Who was it that did that deed of charity? "By the saints," murmured the old man, starting half up in bed, "I did it! Kate shan't pay me one cent! She shan't, bless me if she shall!"

And Absalom lay back upon his pillow, and in the night he dreamed that Martha Allen was an angel, and that she came to bless him. It was a sweet, cheering dream.

Two days afterwards Kate proposed that they should go and visit Mark Allen. "For," said she, "our presence may cheer him." And the old man finally consented to go.

They reached the humble cot, and were welcomed in by Martha. They found old Mark sitting in a great, stuffed chair which a neighbor had sent in, and though he looked pale and wan, yet a warm smile suffused his face as he saw the visitors.

"Mr. Burr," he said, while big tears stood in his eyes, "I can never pay you for the noble kindness you have shown me. I may at some time pay the money, but I cannot pay you all, for the bare money is as nothing compared with the knowledge that I have such a generous friend to stretch out his saving hand in the hour of gloom and misery."

"Talk not of money to me," returned uncle Absalom, earnestly and warmly. "If it served you, I am already more than repaid. The blessings of man are cheaply purchased when so slight a sum can do it; and, moreover, I have been more than repaid in the very knowledge that I have been of service to a suffering fellow."

Even Kate was surprised by this: but she knew that it was real, and she was glad.

When they rose to depart, at the end of nearly an hour, Martha followed them to the door, and here she blessed the old man again. He was moved by a generous impulse, and took a golden half-eagle from his pocket and handed it to her.

"No, no," she said, drawing her hand back. "What you have already given us will suffice until my father gets out. But there is one who would be blessed with the gift, and if you will permit me I will relinquish the gift in her behalf. The poor widow Wildridge is very low, and her daughter is sick. I carried them over some food this morning, and found them quite destitute."

But uncle Absalom was a stubborn man, and he would have his own way. "Take this," he said, I may find another for Mrs. Wildridge. Your father will not be able to work for some time yet; so take it. If you will, I will call on the widow—but if you refuse me, I won't move a step only towards home."

Martha took the money with grateful eyes, and Mr. Burr heard more blessings as he turned away. Widow Wildridge's dwelling was not far off, and thither the uncle and niece turned their steps. They found the mother, a woman of some fifty years, sitting by the bedside of her sick daughter. She arose as the visitors came in, and her countenance plainly showed that she wondered why Absalom Burr had called. But she saw an angel in Kate's mild blue eyes.

Absalom and the widow were playmates once, and the ice was soon broken. Gradually the uncle and niece drew forth the story of the woman's sufferings, and then the old man took out his pocket-book, and took therefrom fifteen dollars.

"Here," he said, as he handed it to the widow, "this may serve to lighten your burden some. I am able, while you are needy. Take it, and remember that you may look to me again when I need comes upon you."

Mechanically the woman took the money, and having first gazed upon the charmed notes, and then upon the donor, she bowed her head and thanked God for the blessing. And then, while the warm tears gushed forth, she caught the old man by the hand, and poured forth her thanks.

When Absalom Burr sat down to his supper that night, that shade upon his face was as soft as the radiance of the setting sun. And now he could return Kate's smile. And on that night, too, his dreams were more pleasant than ever.

Some time during the next day Kate came up from the cellar, and asked her uncle what that dark vault was for.

"How did you find it?" he cried, in quick alarm.

"The door was partly open."

"I did forget to lock it. I remember now."

"But what is it, uncle?"

The old man finally confessed to Kate that he had over twenty thousand dollars stowed away there.

"Why, uncle! Is it possible? And you let it lie there in the dark, without use?"

"But if the assessors knew it, they'd make me pay taxes on it."

Kate was about to give utterance to a very indignant response, but she held it back, and went and sat down by the old man's side.

"Now look here, uncle Absalom: How much would you be taxed for that money?"

"Over a hundred dollars a year. Just think of it."

"Yes, and just think of this: Here the railroad company have just advertised for a loan of twenty-five thousand, at five per cent. You can make up the five thousand and let them have it. Have you not five thousand more lying idly somewhere?"

"Perhaps so," said the old man, thoughtfully.

"Then look at it. Thus you would not only be helping the community, and assisting a great public good, but you would at the same time be realizing twelve hundred and fifty dollars a year, where you do not now get a cent. And again: When the company have done with the money, you can build houses here in this town, every one of which will let as soon as finished, and at fair rents. Think how you will thus be ben-

efitting the community, and at the same time rendering yourself more able to bestow in charity such sums as your own good judgment shall dictate. And then, think again," resumed Kate, as she noticed the doubtful look upon her uncle's face, "how much easier you would feel to know that your money was safe, than to be worrying all the while for fear some one will come in the night and rob you."

This last hit touched the vulnerable point, and Absalom said he would think of it. And he did think of it to some purpose, for on the very next morning he started off for P—, and having found the proper officers, he told them that he could accommodate them with the desired loan. They were much pleased, and in a short time they had the money in gold and current bills, and Absalom had the notes and good security. He went home with a better opinion of his fellow men and of himself than he ever had before, for he had been thanked by noble gentlemen for his kindness, and his opinion had been asked on various important matters, and he had partly promised, too, that if the new road wanted more help he would give it.

Six months passed away, from this period, and the troublesome niece still lived with her uncle. They also still inhabited the same little house into which Kate had first come. On the morning of the day which saw the sixth month from the time of giving the ten dollars to Martha Allen pass away, Kate came into the room where her uncle sat, and in her hand she held a ten dollar note.

"Uncle Absalom," she said, "you remember what I told you when you gave the ten dollars to Martha Allen. The six months are up, and I have come to redeem my promise. Here is the money."

"Thank you," said the old man, as he took the bill and put it in his pocket. "I am glad you are so punctual."

That was all he said, and then he took his hat and went out. Kate was puzzled, but not astonished, for she noticed a twinkle in the old man's eye which meant more than ten dollars amounted to.

It was near the middle of the afternoon when uncle Absalom returned, and under his arm he carried a small box which he gave to Kate, saying as he did so:

"Here, Kate, this is for you—the first present from your uncle."

There was a tear in his eye and his voice trembled; and when the bright-eyed girl kissed him he wept outright.

She hurried away to her little room and opened the box. The first thing she saw was a letter directed to herself and in her uncle's handwriting. The next was a neatly embossed ebony casket, in which she found a gold watch and chain with a locket attached, within which was a miniature of uncle Absalom. Below this was a small book, which she found to be a bank book, and by looking into it she discovered that on that very day the sum of ten thousand dollars had been deposited in her name, at six per cent. interest, to be drawn by her in whole or in part at will. As soon as she could see clearly enough through her tears, she opened her uncle's letter and read as follows:

—June 18th—

"My Dear Kate.—Six months ago my heart was all cold and hard, and closed to every kindly emotion. I distrusted all my fellows, and saw no good in humanity. My life path was dark and a chill night was upon my soul. But you came to me with sunlight and joy, and by your sweet music and gentle persuasions my heart was opened, and the light of love entered, and since then some good has escaped from that opened heart. And now to you, who performed the happy work, I give the accompanying as a slight token of my love for you, and my appreciation of your many virtues. But you will not leave me. Perhaps at some time you may be called upon to enter into a new and holier partnership, but I beg of you to forget not me. Tell the happy, blessed man who may claim you that you cannot go without me; for my life would be but a living death without you."

—Your uncle,

—ABSALOM BURR.

When Kate next met her uncle, her eyes were red with weeping, and her cheeks were wet. She moved to his side and as she kissed him, she simply whispered, "God bless you! I will never own a home where you may not go."

When the warm breath of summer came, the old man moved into a good house, and ere long after wards Kate gave her hand to an honest, industrious mechanic—a carpenter by trade. And then came the business. Absalom found money, and Kate's husband found the skill, and new houses went up in the thriving village. The old man was busy now, and as his simple, abstemious life had left him with a noble constitution, he was spry and strong.

And Absalom Burr and his niece were not the only ones who were blessed by the opening of that hardened heart. No—far from it. Hundreds there were who basked in the warm sunlight of the noble charity that flowed from the ample source which Kate's gentle wand had opened.

Wanted to Live in the Stars.

Very near us sat two young people. He wore the face of a man who shaved three times a day, and that white necktie had never seen the starlight before. There was pearl powder on the shoulder of his coat, and a tender, dreamy look in her lovely eyes. They sat and looked up at the stars, and they didn't care for any solitary thing any nearer to this earth. "Mortimer," she murmured, softly, "Oh, Mortimer—his name appeared to be Mortimer, though I could not tell whether it was his front name or his after one—'Mortimer, dear,' she said, 'if we only could live apart from this busy, sordid and unsympathetic world, in one of yon glittering orbs of golden radiance, living apart from all else, only for each other, forgetting the base things of earthly life, the coarse greed of the world and its animal instincts, that would be our heaven, would it not, dear?'"

And then Mortimer, he replied that it would.

"Where, heart of mine," and his voice trembled with earnestness; "my own darling Ethel, through all the softened and glorified beauty and radiance of the day, and all the shimmering tenderness of night, our lives would pass away in an exalted atmosphere above the base-born wants of earthly mortals, and far beyond the chattering crowd that lives but for to-

day, our lives, refined beyond the common ken—"

And just then the man with the gong came out. Mortimer, he made a grab at Ethel's hand and a plunge for the cabin door. Ethel just gathering her skirts in with her other hand, jumped clear over the back of her chair and after him, and away they went, clattering down the cabin, in upset a chair, ran into a good, sweet old Quaker lady, and banged a bad word out of her before she had time to stop it: down the stairs they rushed collared a couple of chairs at the nearest table, feed a waiter, and opened the campaign without skirmishing. I am a man of coarse mold and an earth-born appetite myself, and I wouldn't live in a star so long as I could find a good hotel in America; but long, long before I could get seats at the table for my family, Mortimer and Ethel had eaten two blue-fish, a little rare beefsteak, some corn-bread, a plate of hot cakes, two boiled eggs, and a bunch of onions, and the waiter had gone to toast them some cheese.

Remarkable Discovery of a Murder in Bermuda

The following account of a murder which was committed in Bermuda in the autumn of 1878 is taken from a letter written to Gen. Sir J. H. Lefroy, C. B., F. R. S., lately Governor of these islands, and author of the "Annals of Bermuda," by the Attorney-General of the islands, Mr. S. Brownlow Gray. The mode of discovery of the crime is so remarkable that I think it ought to be put on record, and Sir J. H. Lefroy has kindly permitted me to make extracts from the letter for that purpose. I believe no account of the circumstances of the case has as yet been published in Europe. There seems to be no likelihood as to mistake regarding the facts. The special occurrence could probably only happen in the tropics in warm water.

H. N. MOSELEY.

"In the autumn of 1878 a man committed a terrible crime in Somerset, which was for some time involved in deep mystery. His wife, a handsome and decent mulatto woman, disappeared suddenly and entirely from sight, after going home from church on Sunday, October 20. Suspicion immediately fell upon the husband, a clever young fellow of about thirty, but no trace of the missing woman was left behind, and there seemed a strong probability that the crime would remain undetected. On Sunday, however, October 27, a week after the woman had disappeared, some Somerville boatmen, looking out toward the sea, as is their custom, were struck by observing, in the Long Bay Channel, the surface of which was ruffled by a slight breeze, a long streak of calm such as

LOCAL LEAVES.

Torn From the Tribune Reporter's Note-Book.

Dunn & Co., druggists, 92 Main street. The question agitating the cantonment on the Little Missouri at present is, "Who killed Jim Smith's geese?"

E. L. Strauss & Bro. have received a large stock of goods, and present as fine a display of jewelry as can be found west of St. Paul.

Remember that the Howes have a farewell benefit to-night at the opera house. They deserve a full house, and will no doubt have it.

John Whalen has some fine plates with the heads of Hancock and English and Garfield and Arthur burnt in. They attract much attention.

A dozen different hunting parties were out this week, all having good luck. Thousands of geese attract the shooters these frosty mornings.

The city urchins were in their element keeping up the bonfires Tuesday night. A thousand or less congregated and did justice to the occasion.

A fire alarm was sounded Monday from the corner of Fourth and Thayer streets. The rear portion of a small house was in flames, but easily subdued by the firemen.

A stalk of self-sown oats four feet and two inches long was found out on the extension, growing in an old wagon rut. The head contained 253 grains of oats, actual count.

Messrs. Marsh, Rudesell, Emmons and Logan had their revenge on the ducks this week, making up for last week's losses by bringing in a wagon load Tuesday from Long Lake.

The republican convention for the eleventh legislative district to nominate candidates for the territorial council and house of delegates, will be held at the City Hall to-morrow at 2 p. m.

A large party of laborers from Fort Assiniboine arrived Monday night by the Butte, work on the buildings at that post having been postponed till next year. Cause, appropriation suspended.

A herd of 10,000 cattle crossed the Belle Fourche recently, en route to the Powder River valley. It is said an extensive ranch is being operated in that uncultivated grazing section by wealthy Englishmen.

'Tis now the season when the fire fiend leaped upon the products of the prairie, and the unwary homesteader, who liveth in the city, looketh himself to a neighboring carpenter with an order for a new summer residence.

The county commissioners held their regular meeting at the register's office Tuesday last. Messrs. Emmons and Doucely only being present no business except the usual routine work of auditing bills and listening to petitions was transacted.

The Fargo editors who saw the Acme Pulverizer in its practical workings cannot say too much in its favor. They are selling very rapidly. Breaking done now, even, is put in shape for crop next year. Mr. Leann & Macindler and J. F. Wallace, agents.

Sergeant of Ordnance A. H. Powell, of Fort Lincoln, had on exhibition at the post office, Wednesday last, some mammoth specimens of potatoes, turnips and cabbage raised at the post. The collection was a miniature agricultural exhibition in itself.

Mr. C. W. Richardson, the Bismarck agent of the N. W. S. & T. Co., left for Fort Pierre Monday night. The city suffers by the loss of "Rich." He was one of the most congenial men in the country, universally popular and esteemed. Score one for the city of Pierre.

The Standing Rock Indians, out buffalo hunting, have been the cause of several scares, especially at frontier ranches. The men at Cedar River station, on the Deauville route, acted as fast as their horses would take them, but returned when they saw the cavalry bringing up the rear of the reuls.

Mrs. E. T. Winston died at her home at Millers Tavern, Essex County, Va., on the 23d ult. of consumption. Mrs. Winston was an estimable lady and won scores of friends during her short residence in this part of the country. Mr. Winston was with his wife at the time of her death and beset the sympathy of every one in this unlooked-for sorrow.

Black tailed deer and antelope are very plenty in the vicinity of Camp Houston, on the extension. Last week one was killed, the hind quarters of which weighed thirty four pounds each. Col. Merrill brought the head and horns over Saturday to be cured by Sunderland, the taxidermist, and one of the quarters were sent to Gen. Terry, St. Paul.

A species of mouse hawk, very plentiful in this country and decidedly beneficial to it, are killed in large numbers by hunters for the mere sport of the thing. They can be distinguished from the hen hawk by a red and white band across the under side of the tail feathers, and are of smaller size. As they subsist on and destroy pocket-gophers and prairie mice they should be allowed to remain unharmed.

Great preparations are being made for the court house ball of the 20th, which promises to be the most enjoyable affair of the season. The best of music has been engaged and Marsh will provide an oyster supper for the multitude. Tickets admitting gent and ladies are but one dollar, which will come within the means of everyone desiring to attend. Out of the receipts a flag for the court house will be purchased and given the county. See card in another column.

At last night's concert there was one row of seats, at least, filled with gentlemen of decidedly literary taste. The Tribune can sit quietly and listen to a crying youngster, can listen attentively to the productions of an original poet, or force a delinquent subscriber for lying but when representative business men sit during a concert of such unusual interest as the one last night, and peruse the foreign market reports of the Chicago Times and the Hancock booms of the St. Paul Globe, then it is forced to admit the depravity of mankind.

Gen. M. R. Morgan, of St. Paul, chief commissary of the department of Dakota, was in town yesterday to arrange for the transportation of Indian supplies. Gen. Morgan says that Secretary Schurz, having no appropriation available for the support of the 2000 northern Sioux now at Fort Keoch, has arranged with the war department that they be fed out of the commissary stores during the winter. The stores will be forwarded to Bismarck at once and from that point be taken by steamer to Fort Buford at the mouth of the Yellowstone. It is probable that they will be wagoned from Buford to Keoch as the Yellowstone is now too low to allow a boat to run. The Sioux to be ra-

tioned are the ones who surrendered during the summer.—Stout City Journal Oct. 3d.

Thermometer eighty in the shade and ninety-two in the sun.

Charley Williams is making sundry improvements in his cozy Minnehaha.

Broholm, the fourth street shoe maker, is an artist in his line, and turns out the very best of work.

Win. Merry and Caroline English, of Painted Woods, were married by Judge Corey Monday night last.

Such delightful weather astonishes the eastern visitors, who are not aware of Dakota's beautiful autumns.

Arthur Driggs did the artistic graining on the side board and counters of Thurston's new sample room. Its masterpiece.

Prairie fires are on the rampage in all directions. The eastern people can now enjoy what they term "Indian summer" with a little smoke in it.

County Clerk Richards has purchased the Singbeiser farm north of the city. It is a fine piece of property and will give Rich opportunity to exercise his agricultural tastes.

Dave Macindler has gone to Fort Stevenson with a load of sewing machines. David, like his predecessor, is not of great size but is a Goliath in sewing machine trade.

Sig Hanauer is busy arranging his mammoth new stock of clothing, just received this week. Sig, as a clothier, is a success. He knows just what the people want, and buys only the best quality of goods.

The Northern Pacific will reach the cantonment on the Little Missouri to-day. Frank Moore & Co. are building an hotel to be called the Park Hotel. The railroad will put in a siding at the hotel, and Mr. Moore will be the postmaster for this future city of the Little Missouri.

Whitney's opera house has drawn good audiences this week, the performances being of a high order. The Howes close this week but Miss Edgerton, Miss Wade, Miss Santley and Messrs. Willis, Carroll and Davenport remain. So great was the applause given Miss Santly last evening that the young lady was obliged to step out several times and, finally, after eight minutes' continuous shouting, appeared in another turn.

The sample room of W. H. Thurston & Co., adjoining their grocery house on Main street, is one of the neatest, coziest and most handsomely furnished in the northwest. Exquisite taste has been displayed in the arrangement of things, while the wines, liquors and cigars with which the place is stocked can not fail to suit the most exquisite taste, having been purchased in bond and carry the U. S. importers' stamp as a brand of their excellence. Mr. W. E. Hawley, the charge d'affaires, is an affable gentleman, recently connected with Chapin & Gore, of Chicago, and is as well versed an amalgamator of conglomerated potatoes, as can be found in the trade.

RIVER RIFLES.

At a meeting of the Missouri river improvement convention at Kansas City last month, the following resolution was adopted:

Whereas, The Missouri valley country, including two-thirds of Missouri, one-third of Iowa, and all of Kansas and Nebraska, but not Dakota, and part of Montana, which might be recuperatively added, embraces an area of over 250,000 square miles, contains a population of 4,000,000 people and a taxable wealth of \$500,000,000, produces annually nearly 500,000,000 bushels of grain, and is increasing in population, wealth and productiveness at a rate not less than five per cent per annum.

Resolved, That the survey of the Missouri river, now in progress and nearly completed from its mouth to Sioux City, should, in the opinion of this convention, be continued up to Fort Benton, Montana.

The Butte, of the Benton line, left for the Coal Banks Oct. 5th. This is the last boat of the season for points above Poplar Creek. Among her passengers were Maj. Porter, of Poplar Creek agency, and family; Maj. Baird and family, for Fort Keoch; and Capt. Clifford, 27th Infantry, bound for Buford. The Butte cleans up every pound of government freight left for points above Buford this year, also all the Indian and private freight on hand, leaving the warehouses completely empty.

Steamboats now land near the foot of Main street. The view of smokestacks from upper Main street adds materially to the business idea of the city. Strangers scarcely get an east of Bismarck, because half her business has heretofore been at the landing behind the bluff, out of sight of the depot, or any part of the city proper.

The Yellowstone Journal is responsible for saying that "N. P. Clark, the contractor of the Yellowstone division, has purchased the steamer Eclipse to be used as a transfer packet between Glendive and Miles City, next summer for both passengers and freight.

The Rosebud passed Fort Buford on her way up on the 7th at 5 a. m. The Helena, bound for Coal Banks, passed the same post on the 1st. The Batchelor passed Stevenson at 11:30 yesterday morning.

As a proof of the efficiency of Col. Maguire's work in improving the upper Missouri, the last boats down report more water in the river above Cow Island than at many points below.

The Sherman leaves to-day with very little freight. It is supposed that she goes up to Le in readiness in case of an emergency in the Miles expedition.

The Batchelor left Wednesday for Poplar Creek. She takes on a load of oats grown at Lanning & Grinnell's ranch.

The Butte arrived Monday from Benton with Col. Lee, forty mechanics, and many other passengers on board.

The Benton left Sioux City on the 9th with annuities for Standing Rock agency.

The Gen. Terry, bound for Poplar Creek from below, is now due.

Sportsmen, Ahoy!

Three days' ride from Bismarck will take you into the midst of a herd of at least 40,000 buffalo. The North Pacific extension is now the "happy hunting ground."

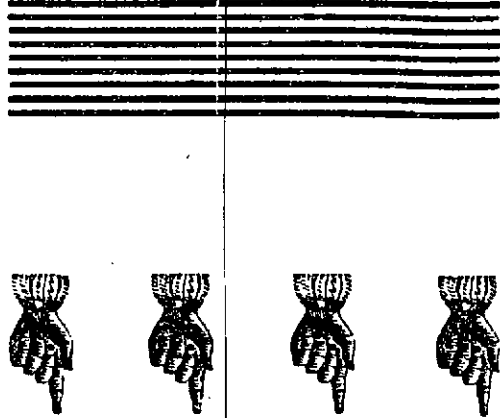
A Letter from Mr. McLean.

Editor Bismarck Tribune: Having been named throughout the legislature that I was a candidate for the central office to say to the public that I have not been and am not a candidate for any political position. All I want is that our people send representatives and officers who will well and truly perform the duties devolving upon them, that we will make a long, strong pull to fill and build up this section of the empire. This is the high duty of an ambitious. Respectfully yours, JOHN A. McLEAN.

Bismarck, Oct. 8.

Spring Tooth Harrows, all sizes, at W. H. Thurston & Co.'s

CLOTHING.



CAMPAIGN OF 1880.

Sig. Hanauer
OF THE
St. Paul Branch
Clothing House

is in the field and would kindly invite your attention to the largest and best selected stock of goods in the city. I will make it decidedly to your interest to call and examine goods and prices before buying elsewhere.

MY STOCK

consists of ready made Clothing, selected from the

BEST MANUFACTORIES

in the land. Gents' Furnishing Goods ranging from the cheapest to the finest kept in any Broadway Store in New York.

HATS AND CAPS.

My stock comprises the Stetson, and Derby, and all of the latest Novelties of the season.

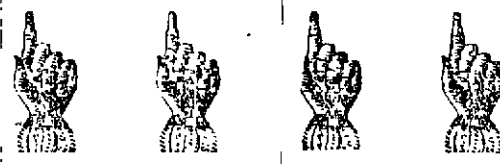
BOOTS AND SHOES.

My stock is the best and I sell only the best goods made, at

EASTERN PRICES.

Come one and thousands to the ST. PAUL BRANCH CLOTHING HOUSE, where you can expect to find a square deal.

Sig. Hanauer,
46 MAIN STREET.
Opp. Postoffice, Bismarck, D. T.



10,000,000.
Forest Trees ready for delivery. We are prepared to ship upon order to any point in Dakota and Minnesota Yellow Cottonwood Trees from six inches to six feet high. Our trees are from the Missouri River bottoms, known as "The Forest Nursery of the Northwest." Send in your orders at once and save your tree claims. Prices \$4, \$5, \$6, \$7, \$8, \$10 and \$12 per thousand, according to height of trees. Address: MITCHELL, EMERSON & CO., 201 Bismarck, D. T.

Farmers and Stock Breeders Attention.
I expect to make a visit to the Blue Grass region of Kentucky during the coming winter, and will take any orders for short horn cattle or thoroughbred and trotting horses that may be entrusted to me. I am well acquainted with the herds of B. P. Greff, and Ben Vannmeter, of Clark County, and those of J. A. Alexander and M. B. Greff, of Woodfork Co., also with the stables of Alexander, Swigert, Harper, Dr. Herr, and many others. I profess to be a good judge of horses and cattle, and being a Kentuckian I will have many advantages over a stranger in buying. Any orders or information addressed in care of this office will meet with prompt attention. S. K. RILEY, 20-21 Mandan, D. T., Sept. 30, 1880.

Taken Up.
Sept. 19, 1880, on my farm, four miles east of this city, two black and white pigs about two months old. The owner can have the same by proving property and paying charges. MICHAEL MATOCK.

The Spring Tooth Harrow is the best. Sold by W. H. Thurston & Co.

Oysters, Oysters.
Selected Gold Seal brand Oysters received daily at

Window Glass of all sizes. Dunn & Co.

Taken Up.
At Green River station, N. P. R. R., D. T., on the 25th day of Sept. 1880, one bay mare, light under belly, branded inverted T. C., also one bay horse male, branded apparently mares. Owner can have the same by calling up on the undersigned and proving property, and paying charges. E. C. COLVER.

Special Meeting.
A Special Meeting of the Fire Company will be held at the City Hall on Monday evening, October 11, at 8 p. m., and all members of the company are requested to attend. P. F. MALLOY, Foreman.

Select Oysters received daily by express. Thurston & Co.

Lamps and Pictures.
A fine selection at DUNN & CO'S.

Marsh & Wakeman.
Have fitted up the Niagara Sample Room in elegant style. Call in every night and sample their fine stock.

You Should Stop at the Merchants.
When visiting Bismarck. Their accommodations can not be surpassed. MARSH & WAKEMAN.

Forster's on 3d St.
Is the Place.
Where you can get the best day board in Bismarck at \$5 per week.

Carpenters Wanted.
C. S. WEAVER & CO.

Good Stabling.
Good stabling in connection with the Merchants Hotel. MARSH & WAKEMAN.

DRY GOODS.

Eisenberg
Next Door to Postoffice,
Raymond's Brick Block,
Has Just Received the Most Complete Line of
ZEPHYR WORSTEDS

Ever seen in the city. Ladies who are engaged in making fancy work should call and see the fine selection of Worsteds.

And my full stock of DRESS GOODS, comprising the latest novelties. SATINS to match all our Dress Goods. Also a full line of Black and Colored SILK FRINGES.

FLANNELS! FLANNELS!
We have a full assortment in pressed, twilt, and medicated. Skirting flannels in Red, White, Brown, and Gray. Canton Flannels, bleached and unbleached, brown and gray, blue and Cardinals.

New style Fall Prints.
You will find a fine selection to select from by calling to see them

LADIES' SHOES.
I have my full fall stock of Ladies' and Childrens' shoes; the best assortment in town, and will be sold at the lowest prices.

DAN. EISENBERG.
Raymond's brick block, next door to postoffice, Bismarck.

Money to Loan.
MONEY TO LOAN. F. J. COE

Wanted.
WANTED—A girl for housework. A good situation and steady work. Apply to Mrs. O. S. Goff, First Street.

Wanted.
WANTED—A lady is desirous of obtaining a situation as governess or housekeeper either in our or country. If interested please inquire. Address P. Postoffice. 1923

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DRY GOODS.

New Goods

CLOAKS, WINTER SUITS, UNDERWEAR, HOSIERY,

W. B. WATSON'S.

Immense Stock of Fall and Winter Dress Goods of every Shade and Variety.

Special Attention is called to my Fine Assortment of Cashmeres, also complete line of Velvets, Satins, Ribbons, Etc.

The Largest Stock

Fall Dress Fabrics, SILKS & PLUSHES.

The class of goods most popular for the coming Fall and Winter season surpass in richness and beauty those of any former season and I have now in my

Dress Goods Department
The Choicest Novelties of the eastern market.

This immense stock was purchased entirely in New York City at the lowest Cash Price, therefore I am prepared to

OFFER BARGAINS.
NEVER BEFORE GIVEN IN THE CITY OF BISMARCK.

REMEMBER THE PLACE, W. B. WATSON,

No. 80 Main St., Opp. Sheridan House, Bismarck, D. T.

GRANDBALL.

GOOD MUSIC AND A

GOOD TIME,

At the New Court House, Wednesday Evening, Oct.

Committee of Arrangements: J. P. Dyer, J. A. Emmons, Alex. Melchior and R. H. Marshall. Ticket committee: J. M. Canavan, Chas. Marshall, Valentine Schreck and Henry Brinkley. Tickets One Dollar, for sale everywhere.

WANTS, FOR SALE, RENT, ETC

For Sale.
FOR SALE.—E. H. Elk in addition to his own tract with the N. P. for 1000 tons of coal, is prepared to furnish the same both local and foreign.

For Sale.
FOR SALE.—Hay and oats. It is in stock on delivered in town. Inquire of Henry Schreck, the one north of town on the Apple Creek road.

For Rent or Sale.
FOR RENT OR SALE.—The store room in the Farmers Block. Inquire of S. Schreck, Stillwater, Minn.

For Rent.
FOR RENT.—A neat furnished front room in a new house, two blocks east from the Sheridan House. Rent \$4.00 to \$5.00 per week.

Hotel.
HOTEL.—Bismarck people generally who have been short of a good, substantial order of the Ward, who will supply with the demands of trade no matter how "hot" Bismarck may increase its population.

Wanted.
WANTED.—A lady is desirous of obtaining a situation as governess or housekeeper either in our or country. If interested please inquire. Address P. Postoffice. 1923

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